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Frontier Times

November, 1969

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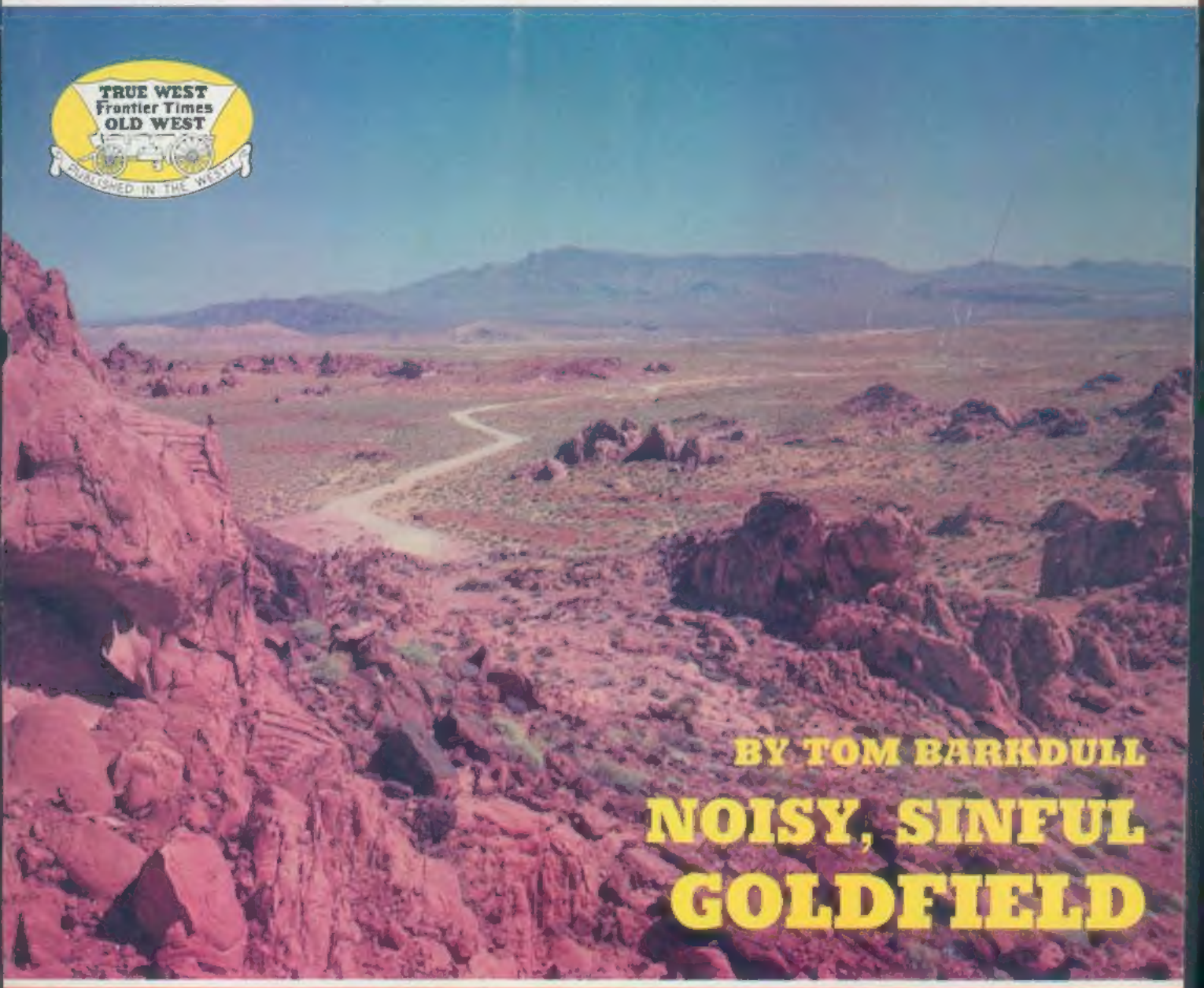

BY TOM BARKDULL

NOISY, SINFUL GOLDFIELD

THREE GENERATIONS OF LAWMEN
—BY OLEVIA E. MYERS—

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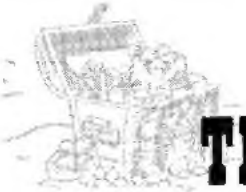

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T816

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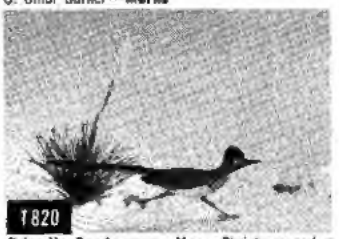

T820

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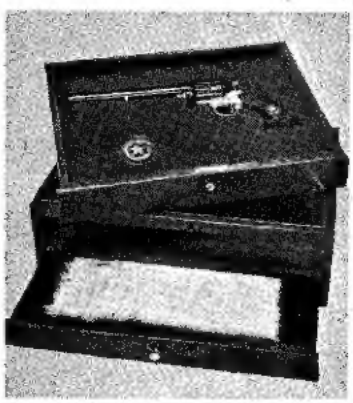

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FRONTIER TIMES

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

October-November, 1969
Vol. 43, No. 6
New Series No. 62

True Stories of the West!

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Cover: Ray Atkeson
Nevada's Valley of Fire

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From Our Mailbox to Yours by **Ray Morrissey** – Season's Greetings and Best Wishes for the New Year.

Still Good Cow Country by **Robert Lougheed** – Season's Greetings and Best Wishes for the New Year. **Verse by S. Omar Barker.**

Mischief-Maker by **Fred Harman** – A Real Old-Fashioned Merry Christmas and a Very Happy New Year.

A Cowboy's Christmas Prayer by **Robert R. Lorenz** – May the Peace and Good Will of Christmas Always be with you. **Verse by S. Omar Barker.**

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Greetings from Our Outfit to Yours by **Paul Salisbury** – With Best Wishes at Christmas and Happiness through All the Coming Year.

Christmas on the Plains by **Gregory Perillo** – Season's Greetings and Best Wishes for the Coming Year.

Christmas Special by **Norman Miller** – May All the Joys of Christmas be with You throughout the New Year.

Howdy . . . from the Two of Us! by **Ted Lang** – Wishing You All the Joys of the Christmas Season.

The Good Shepherd by **Hans Kleiber** – May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with You throughout All the Year. Quote from St. Luke 2:8 "And there were shepherds . . . in the fields keeping watch over their flocks by night."

Chapel of the Transfiguration by **Dan Garrett** – May You have that Peace, Hope and Love which is Christmas. Quote from Psalms 121:1 "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills . . ."

Season's Greetings by **Vicki Olsen** – and Very Best Wishes for the New Year.

A Time to Remember by **Fred Harman** – A Joyous Christmas. May You be Blessed with a New Year of Peace and Happiness.

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FRONTIER POST

Ruel Horner

Dear Joe:

Enclosed is a clipping from the *Phillips County News*, Malta, Montana, about the funeral of my old friend, Ruel Horner, who was buried May 3. Many thanks for getting the story printed before the last of the old-time stage drivers went West. I think they are preserving a little cabin-museum in Ruel's memory at Zortman and the magazine will be in it. One of the pallbearers wrote me that all Ruel's old-time friends held a wake at the Zortman saloon after the funeral.—Walt Coburn

(Ed. note: The story appeared in the November '68 FRONTIER TIMES)

Back Issues

Dear Sir:

Our collection of your magazines is incomplete because until we started binding our copies they were placed in the library loose and were difficult to control. Now they are on your unavailable list.

The following are missing from the Southwest Room, Albuquerque Public Library: FRONTIER TIMES Vol. 36, No. 4; Vol. 35, No. 2; Vol. 31 (all); and all previous volumes. TRUE WEST Vol. 15, No. 3; Vol. 4, Nos. 1, 3, 5; Vol. 3, No. 2; Vol. 2, Nos. 1, 3, 4, 5, 6; Vol. 1 (all).

Any reader who wishes to sell or contribute copies should contact Katherine McMahon, Southwest Librarian, Albuquerque Public Library, 423 Central N.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87101

Billy The Kid's Killer

Dear Joe:

Due to a contrary heart, I am hunting on the dim trails for tracks of Billy the Kid. I have a few tales told by old-timers when I was a kid. I grew up in the Kid's territory and am a few feathers shy of being a spring chicken.

In searching back issues of your publications for Kid articles, I found a letter written by Jack Wallace in the June 1964 FRONTIER TIMES which had exactly the information I need to go with what I have. I wrote to that address, but my letter was returned. I feel that if anyone reads two of your publications, he is hooked good. Since Mr. Wallace took time to write you a letter, he is surely still reading FRONTIER TIMES. Hope Mr. Wallace sees this.

If anyone else has been told any story to the effect that Garrett did not kill the Kid—a story you feel was told in good faith—will sure appreciate hearing from you. I would like any Kid or Garrett information.—Mrs. Loyd Carner, 1309 Lovers Lane, Alamogordo, New Mexico 88310

Last 100 Indian Fighters

Dear Joe:

Help! We are in need of information we feel only the faithful readers of your magazines can supply. Our organization is forming a list of the last 100 Indian fighters—both Indian and white.

To be eligible one must have been an Indian fighter for the U. S. Army. These names will go on our white list. We also want Indian names, dates of birth and death, tribe, and name of battle. These names will go on our "Last 100 Club" Indian list. We also need photographs. Any photos sent us will be returned unharmed.

Among the last white men who fought the Indians were Fredrak W. Fraske, Charles G. Jones, Reginald A. Bradley and William Sutphin (a Negro). Among the last Indian fighters were Jason Betzinez (Apache), Dewey Beard or Iron Hail (Sioux). Big Mouth (Apache), and Curly (Crow).

This will be a difficult task as many names will be weeded out. We want only the names of fighters, not scouts.

So let's hear from you readers of WESTERN PUBLICATIONS! We plan to publish our lists, along with a picture of each person.—Ronald Morgan, 1405 Wirt Road, #217, Houston, Texas 77055

Texas Norther

Dear Sirs:

In the March 1969 FRONTIER TIMES, I was interested in the article "Texas Northers—Dry, Wet and Blue."

I wish to add a little more as I lived through two of them. I was three days old when the one on February 11, 1899 struck. Papa had a sister who had a baby girl born on the 11th. Papa asked his sister what she was going to name her baby and she said, "Blizzard, I suppose." I've heard my father speak of it many times saying it was the worst storm he had ever seen. I was born about thirty-five miles northwest of Waco, Texas, and it's not often that a snowstorm of that intensity hits so far south.

I was living in Amarillo, Texas when the blizzard of March 20, 1957 struck. It was anything but a blue norther. Officials said if the snow had fallen on the level, it would have been fourteen inches deep. About 7 a. m. Saturday the wind hit apparently like just another plains sandstorm. As I worked downtown, I caught a cab and went on to work. We hadn't been warned of any severe storm. But the blowing dirt got worse and about noon it began to snow. It grew darker with both snow and dirt mixed.

About 3 p.m. my boss came in and told me I had better start for home. By then the underpass was filling up and driving was becoming hazardous. Radio stations went on emergency status and from 7 a. m. Saturday until 10 a. m. Monday the wind blew and the sand and snow piled up. Snowdrifts got up to the eaves of houses. Some cars were buried under drifts. People were stranded and it was almost impossible to get to a grocery store. We took in one family and gave them breakfast.

There were lots of stories, most of them tragic but some rather humorous. One bunch of folks were caught out at a nightclub, too bad to get out and no food. They called in to ask if it would hurt them to eat dog food. There seemed to be a supply of it. They were told it would not hurt them. There were ten or eleven deaths from freezing, from accidents and from asphyxiation. Fifty thousand head of cattle froze to death.

I thought I had lived through many bad storms in my time but I've often said that one was the grandaddy of them all. I'm enclosing a snapshot I took about three days later, but by then the snow had melted some and had been shoveled around.—Mrs. Clora Osborne, 600 N. Spurgeon, Altus, Oklahoma 73521

(Continued on page 72)

Amarillo, Texas snowstorm, March 20, 1957.

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THREE GENERATIONS OF

By OLEVIA E. MYERS

Photos Courtesy Author

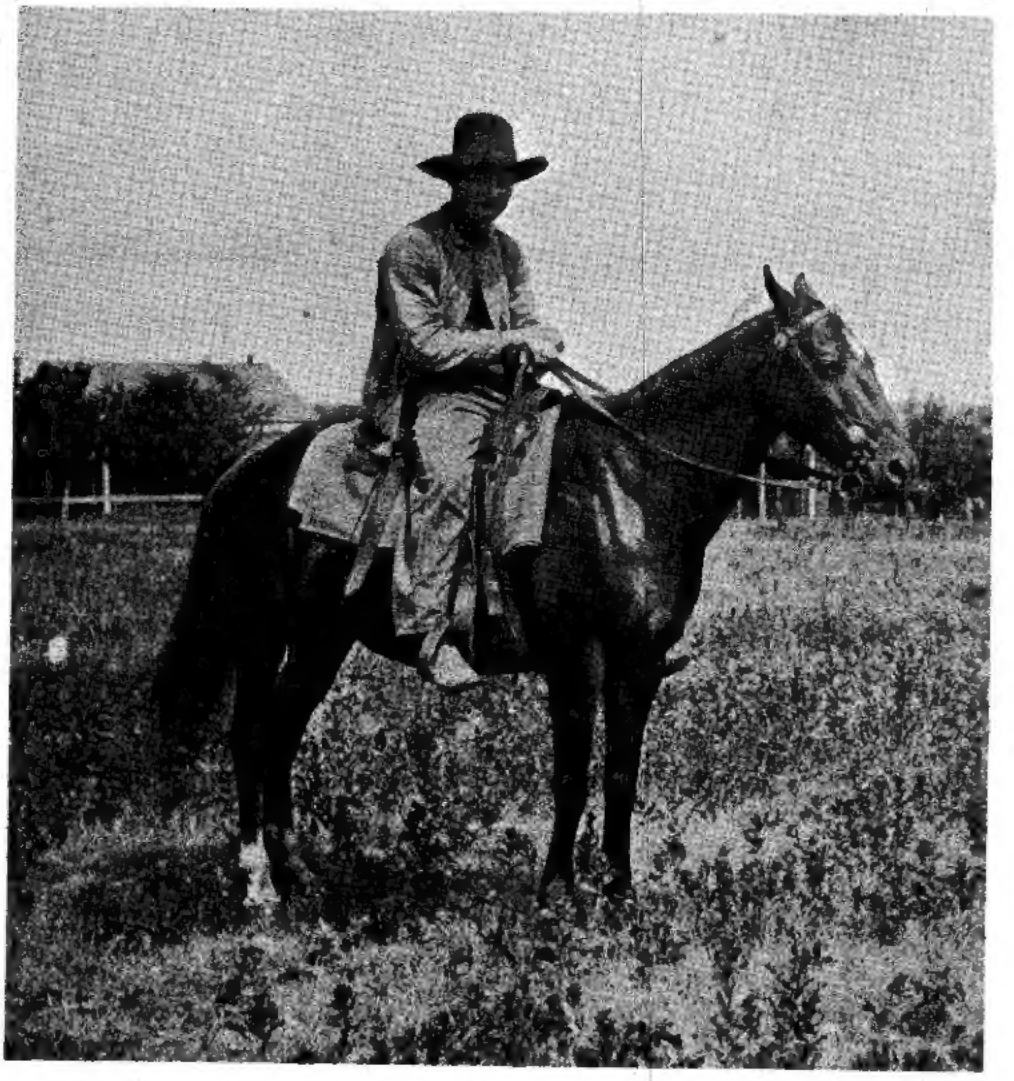
FOR the Roy Johnston family at Yukon, Oklahoma, wearing a lawman's badge is a way of life. Roy's father served under old Fort Smith's Hanging Judge Parker way back in the 1880's. Today there are three Johnston men who are proud and efficient lawmen.

Roy Johnston at ninety is tall and erect, his dark eyes snap, and there is a ready grin on his face as he talks of the three-quarters of a century he has carried his old .44 Special to enforce the law. He is half Cherokee. His mother came up over the dreadful Trail of Tears, the forced march which took so many lives. She, along with a sister, contracted the great white plague, tuberculosis, which eventually cost her life.

In 1887 Roy's parents were living in the strip of land known as No Man's Land in the Panhandle of Indian Territory. "Dad would go out on the prairie and gather up a load of buffalo bones, haul them all the way to Liberal, Kansas, and sell them for seven dollars a load if the wagon was piled high," Roy said. "He'd haul in a load of bones and bring back to the dugout in which we lived, flour, brown sugar, meal, and coffee. I can remember going to Liberal with Dad on several of these trips. We could look far out across the rolling prairies and see buffalo bones bleaching in the hot sun but along toward the last, most of the bones along the trail had disappeared, as so many farmers were coming in and all them, like us, needed cash.

"On our way home, Dad and I would break open the wooden keg of brown sugar and get some of the big sticky lumps to eat as we rode along. Nothing in this world has ever tasted so good to me as those lumps of brown sugar. They took away, almost, the smell of the buffalo wagon.

"We always had a barrel of water fastened to the side of the wagon and we made camp anywhere on the prairie that night overtook us. We just spread our pallets on the grass, lay down and looked at the stars and listened to the lonesome sounds. Little soft breezes would ripple the tall grass, coyotes would sing, and occasionally you'd hear the howl of the big prairie wolf.



"In the early morning great coveys of quail whirrrrrrred into the clear morning air as our wagon wheels disturbed them, and jackrabbits sped through the grass with only their long ears bobbing up and down, up and down, like pistons as they raced away. There were meadow larks, bob whites, and flowers you just couldn't believe in the springtime. Then in the fall the heavy grey clouds were a beautiful sight with great V-shaped masses of ducks and Canadian geese flying south; the whole sky was filled with the sound of their honking and the soft whirrrr of wings.

"AFTER FOUR YEARS of scraping buffalo bones and half starving in the old dugout, we moved down to Old

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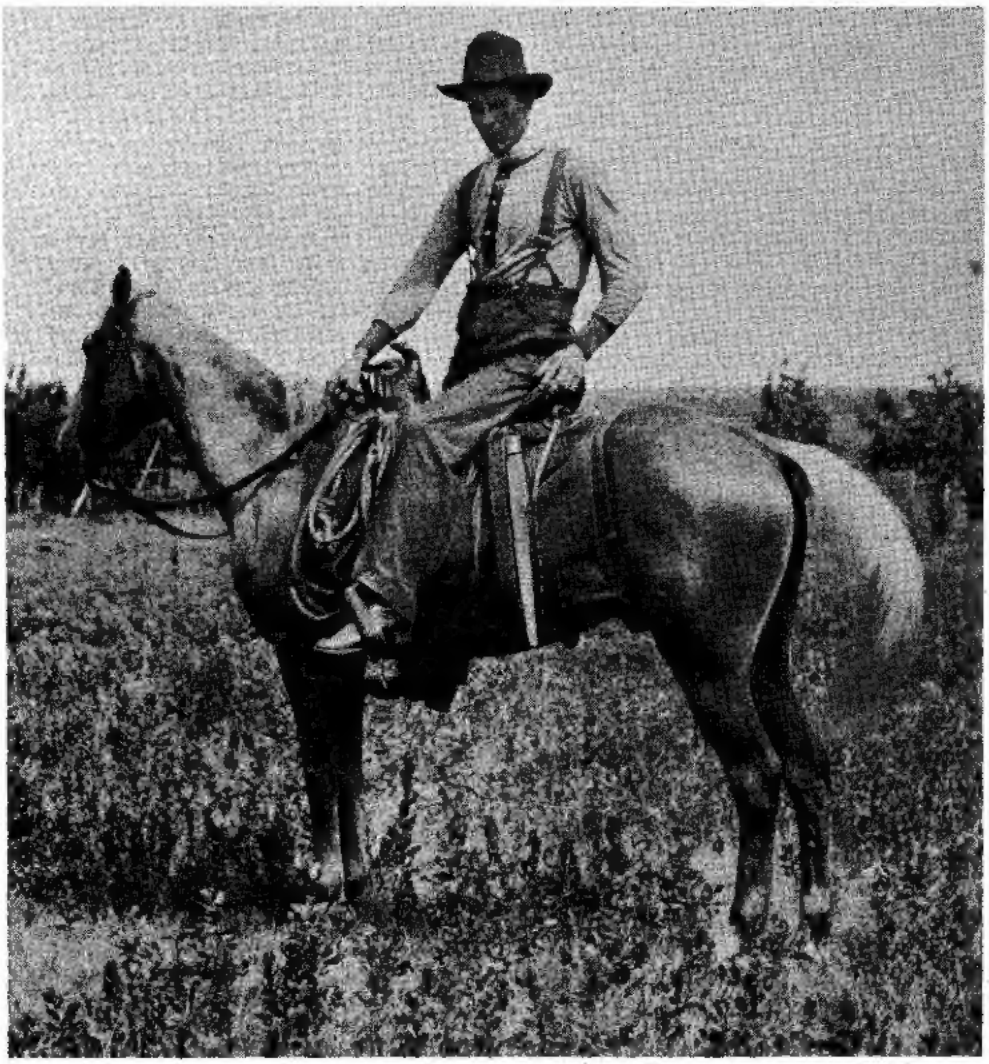
A small piece of metal pinned to a man's shirt could endanger his life, work him to a nub, and sometimes create grave misgivings about the human race. What made that badge worth the trouble?

LAWMEN



The photo at left, taken in 1897, shows an unidentified man and deputy sheriff Roy Johnston, right.

Frisco on the North Canadian River. Frisco is gone now. No trace is left of the little village. It stood between here and Oklahoma City. Here we spent four years while Dad tried to farm and carry on the duties of a U. S. Marshal. He rode the thick-wooded North and South Canadian River bottoms, and was considered a square-shooter by both lawmen and outlaws.

"Doc Hendricks had been treating Dad for gravel stones for three years and Dad was just about down. We decided to move into Yukon where I could get work. I found a two-room house we could rent for four dollars a month. I loaded up the household stuff into the old covered wagon, the same one that had hauled the buffalo bones and later brought us to Frisco, and moved the family into town. Cattle, hogs and chickens, as well as dogs, roamed at will around the little house until I could build a fence around it.

"As soon as I got the folks all settled in, I got right to work on my new job. In 1892 Yukon only had two private wells in the whole town, and they were poor. They were used by the folks who owned them to some extent, but so scant was the flow of water that even these two families had to haul water from the town's big well for washing.

"This was the big Spencers well. It stood where City Park is now. Sam Pool, who owned a livery barn in Yukon, had agreed to pay me 50c a day to haul water to supply the town. He furnished the wagon, team, and plenty of big sixty-gallon wooden barrels. I'd get up at four o'clock winter and summer and drive out to Spencers well. I'd fill all the barrels, put the lids on good and tight, and start my rounds. Some folks would order a whole barrel. You had to be real saving with water. Not a drop was wasted.

"I worked for a year hauling water, and Dad's health improved for a while and he made some money acting as deputy sheriff so we managed to take care of the family all right. There were two kids besides me, and Dad and Mother and I liked to think we got along as well as most folks on what we made.

"When we moved into Yukon, I was in the fourth grade and my parents kept worrying about getting more education. When Dad got to feeling better he said he'd try the water haul for a bit while I got some more schooling. Well it lasted just two days. I was a big old kid—fifteen—and half a head taller than the boys who were my age and some even older. Of course my schoolmates had to take on 'the new kid' the first thing, just like they do even now, I guess; and they were just looking for something—anything—to start an argument over. When I opened my dinner bucket they found it.

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"All kids carried a lard pail with holes punched in the lid for ventilation, and most of those lard pails contained much the same food—sorghum molasses with a chunk of butter stirred in, a biscuit with a slab of salt meat, and some gingerbread or sugar cookies. Well, I had that but, in addition, I had a teacupful of butter beans. One of the boys who was eating near me noticed those butter beans, and the hazing started. It got louder and rougher and more abusive by the minute. There was snow on the ground, and someone threw a snowball at me. I threw one back. The next ones were squeezed tighter and harder, and stung more; and pretty soon someone put a small rock inside one and took me up side the head.

"I was mad by then and I was holding Frank Kerr, the preacher's kid, on the ground slugging it out when George Hayden, another big fellow, called out to me 'Watch it, Roy!'

"I glanced up just in time to see a stick of stove wood coming my way. I've forgotten the name of the boy who threw it as his family moved away pretty soon after that, but I was good and mad. That kid and I really went to 'fist city.' We were pretty equally matched and I'll never know who would have won, for about that time the teacher, a young woman named Miss Dora Hall, appeared in the schoolroom door and commanded us to 'Stop that fighting this instant!'

"Even then, we were so mad that we'd have kept on until one of us got licked good and proper, if the other boys hadn't grabbed hold and torn us apart. The boy I was fighting was two years older than I, and had certainly asked for trouble by throwing that stick of wood at me, but because I was the biggest the teacher laid it all onto me.

"Telling me to go forward to the platform, she made fun of me before the whole class by telling them to look at a great big overgrown boy who'd jump on a smaller boy. I took that for about two seconds and saw red again. I looked over to where my sister, Nana, sat and I told her to bring my books home when she came, that I was going home.

"Miss Dora said, 'Oh, no, you aren't going home!'

"Well, I started and she called out to the boys not to let me out the door as she was going to punish me. They tried to stop me but I did go home—quite a lot worse for wear, I admit, but I went. That was my schooling. Pa was not really able to do that water hauling anyway, so I guess it was just as well.

"THE FOLLOWING year, 1893, I got a job shocking wheat for a Bohemian farmer named Frank Bacervick. The Bacervick farm was northwest of Yukon about three miles, and I carried my lunch and walked the six miles a day and put in twelve hours' work. For this I got a whole dollar a day, so you see I had doubled my wages. I was coming up in the world!

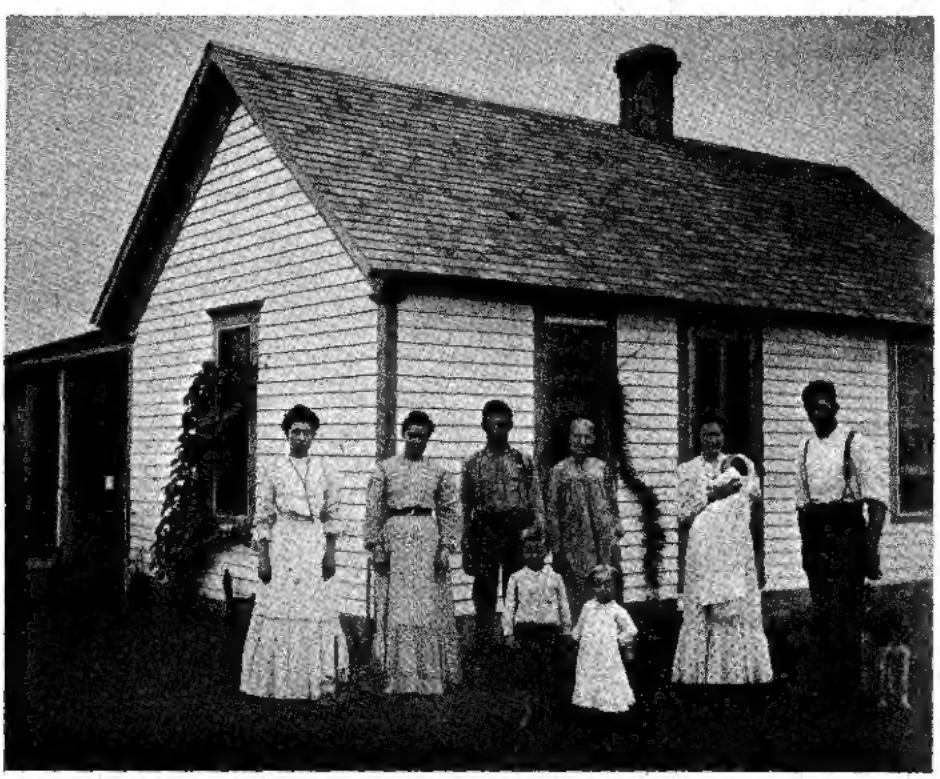
"Back then, farmers got the wheat in the shock, and then the big day would come when the threshing machine pulled into the fields to finish up. The thresher was one of the old horse-power machines, and believe it or not I went to work as a bandcutter, kid though I was. It's a pretty responsible job. You stand up there on a little platform, and beneath you the working gears of the old machine whirl in deadly danger. One slip of the foot, one misstep, and you could go into the working gears a living man or boy, and come out chewed up like hamburger. Or one slip of your knife and you could cut off the fingers of the feeder. Slowly and carefully I was taught just how to reach in with that bandcutter's knife, which was kept whetted to razor sharpness, and slash the twist of wheat that held the bundle together. The feeder's hands were within inches of the deadly knife, and cutter and feeder had to develop a rhythm like clockwork.

"When night came I had trouble getting to sleep. Tired as I was, I could not relax; I could still feel the strong vibrations of the horse-drawn power, and my legs trembled at the long hours of strain put upon them by standing in the same position for twelve hours at a stretch. But I kept the job.

"The next year when it was threshing time the owner of the rig, a man named Salisbury, needed a feeder. 'Roy, your arms are good and long, and I think you'd make a good feeder. You're good at bandcutting so you should be good at dodging the bandcutter's knife,' he quipped. I fed the thresher for a season and I got $2 a day for this job.

"I'm a pretty good-sized fellow and at sixteen was as large as I am now. Tom Cox, owner of the biggest meat market in Yukon (there was only one more), offered me a job in his market, and I took it. I stayed with Tom Cox for twelve years. John Hackett was the sheriff, and I knew him well. He was a fine man and a good officer. He had a sense of humor and often laughed at himself for letting a prisoner get away, or some such thing; so we all kidded the sheriff a lot. I guess this really started me out as a lawman. Dad had carried a badge for years, and I was proud of his record as a square-shooter with both sides, and had thought some about becoming a marshal, but you know how boys are. My uncle, Dad's brother Jim, was also a deputy sheriff and he and Dad worked closely with Sheriff Hackett.

Left to right: Alice Preston, Grandmother and Grandfather Benfro, Aunt Jane McAlhanan, Lucy Johnston holding one-month-old Alva, and Roy Johnston in front of the Johnston family's house. Standing in the foreground are little Ralph and Hazel Johnston.



"WELL, there was this half-breed called 'Sure Thing Jimmy.' He was mean as a lobo wolf when drinking, which was whenever he could get enough firewater to get drunk on. He'd got liquored up and gone out to his in-law's place where his wife was, and had shot up the house good and proper. The darn little house was just full of holes; even the windows were shot out, and glass windows were much prized in the 1890s' I can tell you.

"Someone had come in and told Sheriff Hackett about the ruckus Sure Thing Jimmy was raising and Hackett rode out to arrest him. He found Jimmy seated on the front porch with a double-barreled shotgun on his lap, and when he approached the yard gate Jimmy said for Hackett to just come one step inside the gate and he'd get both barrels. Wise man that he was, the sheriff backed off from that buckshot charge and returned to town for reinforcements—namely my dad and Uncle Jim.

"Here's where I kidded the sheriff at the wrong time. He'd come to the meat

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market to see if I knew where Dad was, and I started joking him about being afraid of one crazy drunk half-breed kid. Sure Thing Jimmy was married, but was only about nineteen.

"I guess Hackett was stung at being forced to walk away from Jimmy's house for he was an absolutely fearless lawman but one who had the good sense not to invite certain and sudden death. As for me, I did *not* have sense enough that day to see the sheriff had business on his mind, and that it was no time for kidding around. I just kept needling him and pretty soon he turned on me and, with a glint of steel and disgust in his eyes, said, 'All right, boy, you're so brave I'm going to make you a deputy sheriff to go bring in Sure Thing Jimmy.'

"Boy, was I in a pickle. I know my face turned brick red, then pale. 'You can't send a man out without a written commission,' I answered. I was darn glad for the excuse, too, for I didn't want to face a double-barreled shotgun either. But my big mouth had got me in trouble.

"'I don't need a written commission,' Sheriff Hackett snapped. 'Mr. Cox here is witness that you are a deputy. Now put your nerve where your mouth is and get going.'

"Man, was I scared; but to show fear or to back down spelled finish to any man, and I had to go through with it. I had my gun under the counter, and I borrowed Mr. Cox's buggy and horse and got on my way, shaking in my boots but mad clear through. I had let myself in for something I was not ready for, but it sure taught me one thing—to never run off at the mouth if I couldn't back it up. I knew Jimmy well, had known him a long time, and we'd been sort of friendly like young fellows will. Now I had to arrest him or be laughed out of town.

"When I got near the house where Jimmy was, I got out of the buggy and tied the horse in the shade of a big tree, and cut across the pasture to the house. I wanted to walk up like I'd been out hunting or something. I waded horse weeds as high as my head, higher even, and got the darn things down my shirt collar—and do they ever set you to itching and burning!

"Jimmy was gone. The in-laws said he'd gone toward the North Canadian River bottom. I went back to the buggy and drove to the river. I found the tracks all right where Jimmy had waded the deep sand, and as it was summer and the river was narrow, I could see easily across the stream. There on the opposite bank, the wet imprint of his wading ashore was plain as could be.

"I TIED UP the buggy pony once again and then I, too, waded the North Canadian following my man's trail. I felt pretty sure he was just hiding out for a bit, waiting to see what Sheriff Hackett would do, for he surely knew Hackett wouldn't let up. But he never thought of me following him.

"I got across the river and was beating it down a little trail between the horseweeds when I met an old, almost deaf man named Pete Rayston, who was leading his mule down to the river to water him. We talked for a moment, and I asked him if he had seen Jimmy. I had to talk so darn loud that I knew if Jimmy was in the bottoms anywhere near he'd hear us, so I told Mr. Rayston, when he answered that he had seen no one, that I was just wanting to talk to Jimmy but I was going back to town as it was too hot. This was, of course, to throw Jimmy off, for I had no intentions of going back to town.

"I went on a little way farther and came to an old deserted house which I felt sure Jimmy was making for by the way his trail led. I sat a long time watching the old house, and I guess trying to get up my nerve to go in. I could just imagine that old double-barreled shotgun poking out the doorless opening at me as I approached, but after calling out to Jimmy I wanted to talk to him, I went on in when there was no answer.

"I found where he'd gone through the old house and out the back door, and the high horseweeds showed plainly that he had headed right back toward the North Canadian. I headed back, too. I'd gone only a short way when I saw the old man Rayston and his mule stopped by the side of the trail. He was talking in a loud voice, telling Jimmy that Roy Johnston had been looking for him but had gone back to town. I couldn't hear Jimmy's answer, but the old man started on down the trail and I faded into the horseweeds. How I hate the smelly, scratchy things to this day.

"I took a short cut and got back on the little path which had been made by cows and horses going to the river to drink. I waited for Jimmy to come along. Just as he passed me I stood up and had a bead on him when I called out, 'You're under arrest, Jimmy.' He made a quick motion toward his gun but I warned him, 'Draw it and you're dead!'

"He came along peacefully then and when we got to the buggy I handcuffed him as I could not drive and watch him close enough. He called me a lot of names, and I told him I was a duly appointed officer of the law and just doing my job. I will never forget how the sheriff

(Continued on page 41)

Young Roy Johnston, right, celebrates his appointment as a deputy marshal with his cousin Walter Johnston. Together they borrowed a surrey and, dressed in their Sunday best, drove to Oklahoma City to have the photo made.

The Myth

Courtesy
Denver Public Library
Western Collection

BEADLE'S
HALF DIME Library

Vol. I. No. 1

BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,
No. 98 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.

Deadwood Dick,
PRINCE OF THE ROAD;
OR,
THE MASK RIDER of the BLACK HILLS.

CHAPTER I

Courtesy J. Edward Leithead

Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

BACK IN THE horse-and-buggy days the boy who found time to sit in the shade of the barn and read had no hero more thrilling than Deadwood Dick. Whether Dick was fighting Indians or holding up a stagecoach, he was a man to be admired. His character as a frontier desperado was softened by his return of watches to the boys and to women victims their purses with a bit of change. Unlike the obviously exaggerated tales of Paul Bunyan, those about Deadwood Dick were plausible enough to be believed by many readers.

In the case of most legendary figures, such as Robin Hood, it is impossible to learn much about the original person who gave rise to the stories or to trace precisely the steps by which reality became encrusted with fiction. In the instance of Deadwood Dick, however, a curtain can be opened to reveal the origin of the myth and some—though not all—of the stages in its evolution.

While most folk heroes probably had their origins in real persons, Deadwood Dick sprang into life full-blown as a purely fictional character. Only later did flesh-and-blood men claim to have been

Left, the cover of the original *Beadle's Half Dime Library* which introduced Wheeler's fictional character. The masked rider in the drawing reads the $500 reward poster and exclaims, "Ha! ha! ha! isn't that rich, now? Ha! ha! ha! arrest Deadwood Dick if you can!" At far left is Richard Clarke as he looked when he paraded in the 1924 Deadwood Chamber of Commerce's "Days of '76."

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# of Deadwood Dick

Six men vied for the honor of being the "hero" who never existed!

By WAYNE GARD

No. 1 THE ARTHUR WESTBROOK CO. Vol. I

DEADWOOD DICK, THE PRINCE OF THE ROAD; Or, The Mask Rider of the Black Hills.

BY EDWARD L. WHEELER.

From Ralph F. Cunningham Collection

Left, heading from the 32 page pocket size edition of the *Deadwood Dick Library*, Volume 1, Number 1, March 15, 1898, shown here at three-fourths of original size. Below, Nat Love in his "fighting clothes." Nat wrote what he claimed was his life's story in a 1907 book entitled, *The Life and Adventures of Nat Love, Better Known in the Cattle Country as "Deadwood Dick."*

Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

the person on whose experiences the fictional tales were based.

Thanks mainly to that scholarly work, *The House of Beadle and Adams*, by Albert Johannsen, published in 1950, we know that Deadwood Dick was created in late 1877. He was the chief character in the opening number of the Beadle and Adams Half-Dime Library.

The author of this short paperback novel and its sequels was Edward Lytton Wheeler of Philadelphia, who had written some fiction for periodicals and for other pocket libraries. Wheeler, who dressed conventionally and wore a Stetson hat, had been born in Avoca, New York, in 1854 or 1855. His family had moved to Titusville, Pennsylvania, in the early 1870s and to Philadelphia in 1875. Doing fairly well as a writer, Wheeler married a West Philadelphia girl in 1878.

When the first of the thirty-three Deadwood Dick novels appeared, dated October 15, 1877, the mushroom mining town of Deadwood, in the Black Hills of Dakota Territory, had been in existence only a year and a half, following the discovery of gold in its gulch. The town had had much publicity. Wild Bill Hickok had been killed there, Kitty LeRoy was dancing at the Gem Theater, Calamity Jane was making a name for herself, and Sam Bass and other brigands were robbing stagecoaches.

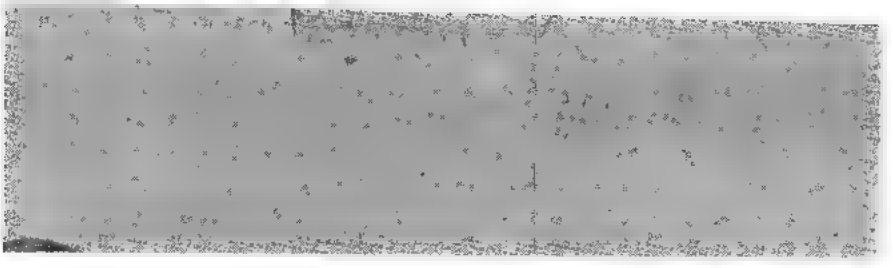
Without having been in the West, Wheeler made some errors in the geography of Deadwood and the Black Hills, but his settings were accurate enough to be convincing to most readers. He wrote with considerable skill, making use of

(Continued on page 48)

By TOM BARKDULL

Photos Courtesy Author

NOISY,



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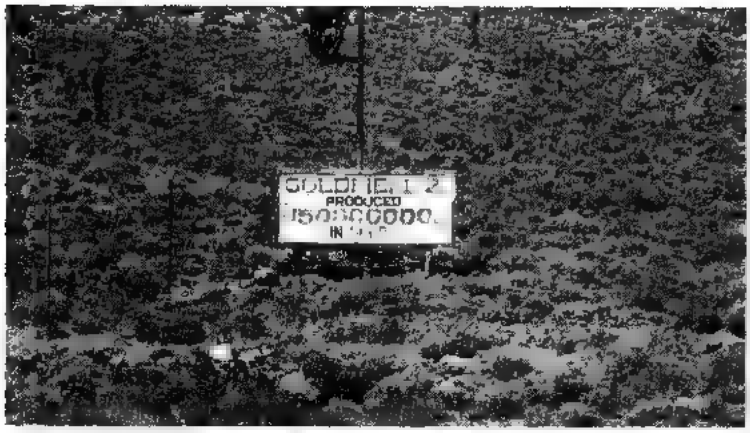
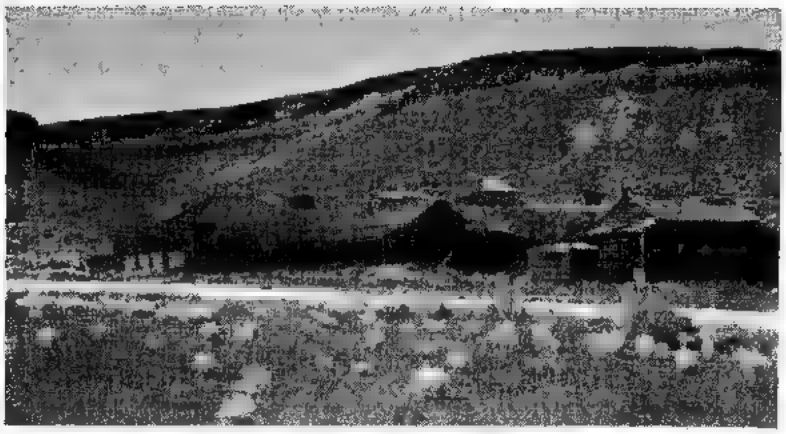




Even now the shell of it makes you wish you could have been around earlier—to light Tex Rickard's cigar and tip the kid who'd run in with the news that your stock in some mine had suddenly doubled...

SINFUL GOLDFIELD

YOU CAN'T write about—or talk about—a ghost town until you've listened to it. Sometimes only the rusty complaint of a weather-bleached sign, stirred for a moment by the wind, will send a tiny fragment of some long dead civilization spinning across the years to enrich the musings of a seasoned ghost town listener. So it was with Goldfield and me.

Today Goldfield, Nevada is only a pale and sullen reflection of the tawdry, turbulent town that produced $150 million in gold sixty years ago. I state this with authority because I've wandered the old camp's scarred ridges and wind-stripped mesas while we pondered its incredible past together.

Life in the high plateau country of west-central Nevada varied between blight and boom during the latter part of the nineteenth century. The gold rush of the 50s had pinched out by 1880, and for twenty years the mines slowly died, one by one, and at least half of the population abandoned their homes to the elements, But boom times weren't dead—they were only away—and they would return to make Goldfield the most productive and exciting camp of our Southwest's history.

The curve turned up sharply in 1902 when Harry Stimler and Billy Marsh made a strike so rich that the ore was assessed as jewelry rock, bringing as much as $100 a pound. By 1904 the boom had spread south to Rhyolite and north to Tonopah, with Goldfield the hub of a frenzied prosperity that would endure for ten roaring years.

The real "seam bustin'" era became evident in 1906 when three banks moved into Goldfield, including the Nye & Ormsby Counties System which also opened branches in the nearby towns of Tonopah, Wonder and Manhattan. Surveyors appeared on the scene, followed closely by right-of-way agents, and soon Goldfield and its smaller satellite camps were laced together by steel rails of the Las Vegas & Tonopah, Denver & Rio Grande, and Tonopah-Goldfield-Bullfrog Railroads.

With the advent of transportation Goldfield's population exploded. The miners returned to reopen their homes, followed by prospectors and highgraders, gamblers and touts. A tenderloin, unmatched before or since, spread along Main Street, a maze of gambling houses, dancehalls and accommodations for several thousand girls. The Goldfield Hotel was erected on a full quarter of a city block at Third and Columbia Streets—a three-story brick edifice with all the gilt-edged glamor of the day.

By the summer of 1906 the town had a population of 30,000, a stock exchange had opened with quotations listed daily by direct wire from the New York Exchange, and city lots were selling for as much as $45,000.

In addition to the Goldfield, the Esmeralda and Grotto Hotels on Main Street were favorites among visiting mining men and drummers. Jake's Dancehall, the Hermitage and Palace gambling houses, together with many less famous pleasure palaces, were open twenty-four hours a day, every day of the week, to serve the constantly increasing multitude. All of the casinos, dancehalls and saloons had their walls covered with blackboards where clerks moved along

Columbia Street entrance to the vacant Goldfield Hotel. Most of the rooms in the old hotel are still furnished although the roof has begun to leak.

Above, Goldfield's main street, 1907. The arrow points to "The Northern," Tex Rickard's saloon and gambling house. At left, Ida Marshall Miller, age 10, on horse, two unidentified women and gunfighter Jack Davis. In the background, arrow A points to the courthouse and arrow B, the Goldfield hotel. 1905.

Bottom left, the old Rickard home. Below, Ida stands in the snow, 1908. Arrow 1 shows the hotel and arrow 2 points out Jake's Dance Hall where the Gans-Nelson fight took place.

on raised scaffolds, chalking up stock quotations as they were brought by runners from the Exchange. These boards were closed at 10 P.M. and scaffolds made available as sleeping quarters for drifters until morning.

It seemed that Goldfield was affording the ultimate in convenience and splendor by the fall of 1906. Surely nothing could be added to the business availabilities, nor to 'round-the-clock' entertainment. Local theatres even presented such celebrities as Nat Goodwin and Edna Goodrich—but then Tex Rickard arrived on

Goldfield Stock Exchange, 1906. The only man identified is John Marshall (see arrow).

the scene, and the town learned that it "hadn't seen nothin' yet."

TEX was fresh from other mining camps of the West where he had divided his time between dealing faro and promoting prizefights—financial straits and opportunity dictating which. And he came to Goldfield with a dream that would astound even the fast-buck, "try anything once" gamblers of Nevada.

His first move was to open the Northern Saloon where he put twenty-four bartenders on duty and installed the customary stock exchange blackboards. Then he dropped his bomb squarely in the laps of the town's businessmen—he suggested that Goldfield should host a world championship prizefight!

The response was immediate, explosive, and something less than cooperative. Tex leaned back, puffing a cigar, and listened patiently to the comments being thrown at him from all sides: Was he out of his head? Where, in the middle of the desert, did he expect to get people to make up the gate? How about an arena? How about supplies and accommodations for the visitors? How did he plan to let the world know? An actual eye-witness to that meeting told me that Tex was unruffled, and hesitated only long enough to snuff out his cigar. Then he rose, and with complete composure said, "Gentlemen, all of those arrangements are being taken care of. The bout will be held, and it will be held in Goldfield." And, as always with Tex during his long and colorful career, he meant precisely what he said.

On September 3, 1906, Lightweight Champion Joe Gans defended his title against Battling Nelson in an open-air stadium next to Jake's Dancehall. The purse of $30,000 had been raised several weeks before and placed on display, all in gold coin, in the window of the John S. Cook Bank. Gans and Nelson fought forty-two bloody rounds under a broiling sun before the challenger was disqualified for a foul. That the fight was a success is confirmed by *Ring Record Book*—the gate was $69,715! On two following occasions Nelson stopped Gans by knockouts, but the first clash between those two ring greats will remain a part of the Goldfield story.

And Tex Rickard? He moved on to promote many of the great fights of ring history. At the time of his death in 1929 he had counted among his closest friends Jack Dempsey, Georges Carpentier, Gene Tunney, Wyatt Earp, and silent film star William S. Hart. But today the old Rickard home, red brick with stained glass windows, stands lonely and silent, contemplating the empty fields and crumbling foundations where, for one short moment in history, focused the eyes of the sports world.

My interest in Goldfield's history led me on one occasion to southern California and the quiet, vine-sheltered bungalow of Ida Marshall Miller. Mrs. Miller was a girl in Goldfield during its golden years, where her father, Jack Marshall, was manager of the Nye & Ormsby Counties Bank. As we relaxed in the dim coolness of her study I listened to this charming lady reminisce about her girlhood in the most riotous mining camp of all time.

"Although I was only twelve, I recall the Gans-Nelson fight very well," she said, "and the Tenderloin, as they called it. That was where the girls were, you know. Well, I wasn't allowed to go down there, but it was always the source of most of the really exciting news, like stabbings, beatings and such. My! Such goings on." She smiled and paused for a moment to find a picture. Handing it to me, she continued, "That's me taken in our yard at Third and Crook Streets when I was thirteen." I recognized the Goldfield Hotel in the background.

"The building to the right of the hotel —the tall one—is Jake's Dancehall." She passed another picture to me in which she pointed out a well-dressed gentleman whom I mentally catalogued as a mining broker, or possibly a banker. "That's Diamondfield Jack Davis, one of the West's most famous gunmen," she said. "He was a guest at our house on many occasions."

"How did it happen that your family

(Continued on page 38)

You don't "take five" when your Indian audience is trying

By CHARLES McADAMS

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

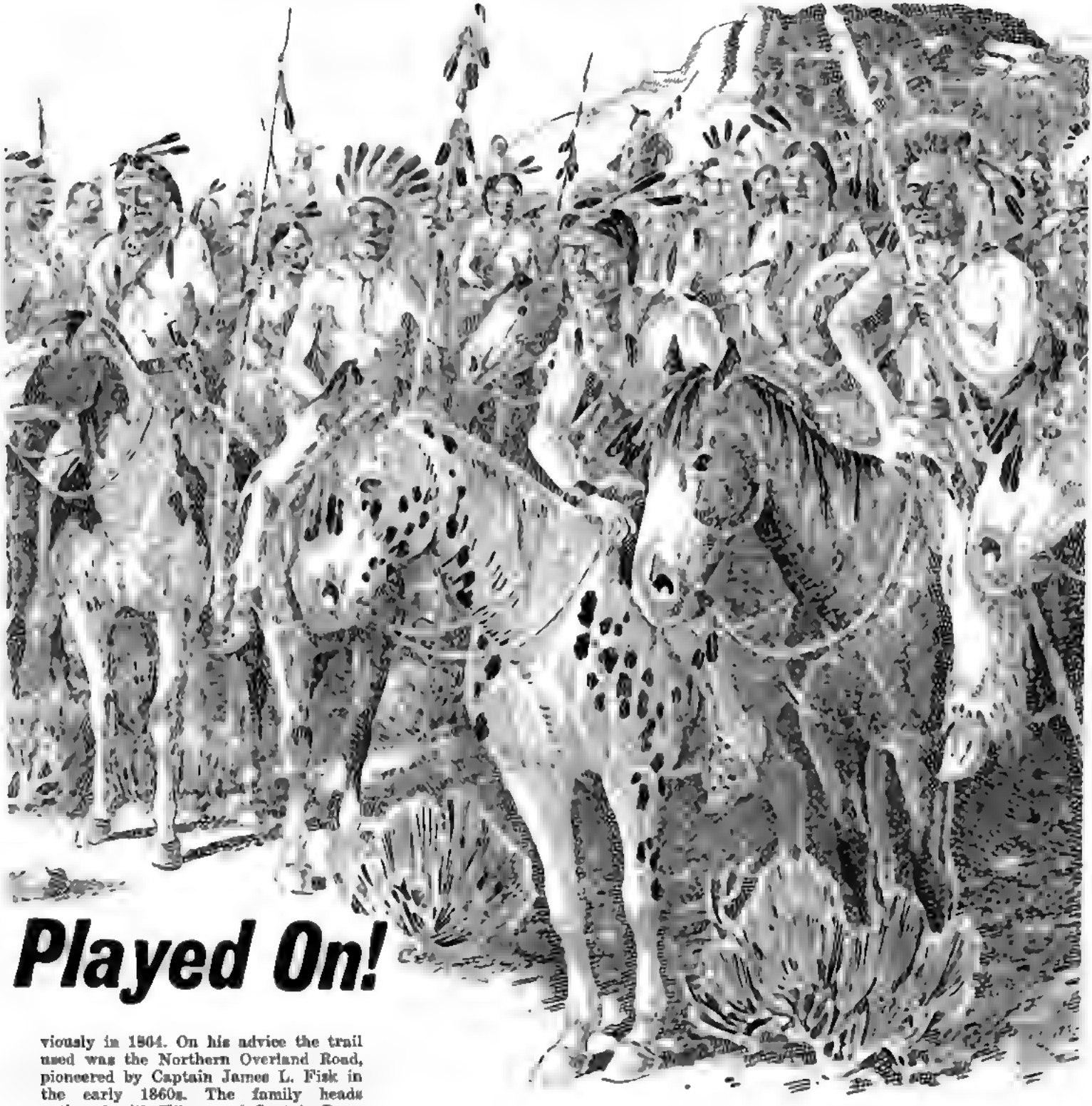
And the Band

THE HOT July sun of 1867 burned down on the immigrant wagontrain in northern Montana's Milk River valley. On the distant rims surrounding the slow ox-drawn outfit appeared hordes of Gros Ventres Indians and their Blackfeet allies.

All were in battle dress, an estimated 600 to 1,000. Uncontrolled panic and confusion swept the immigrants as Train Captain John Davy corraled the wagons for a last stand desperate defense. The nominal head of the train was Nicholas Hilger who had been to Montana pre-

to make up its mind whether to

shake your hand or shoot you in the gullet!



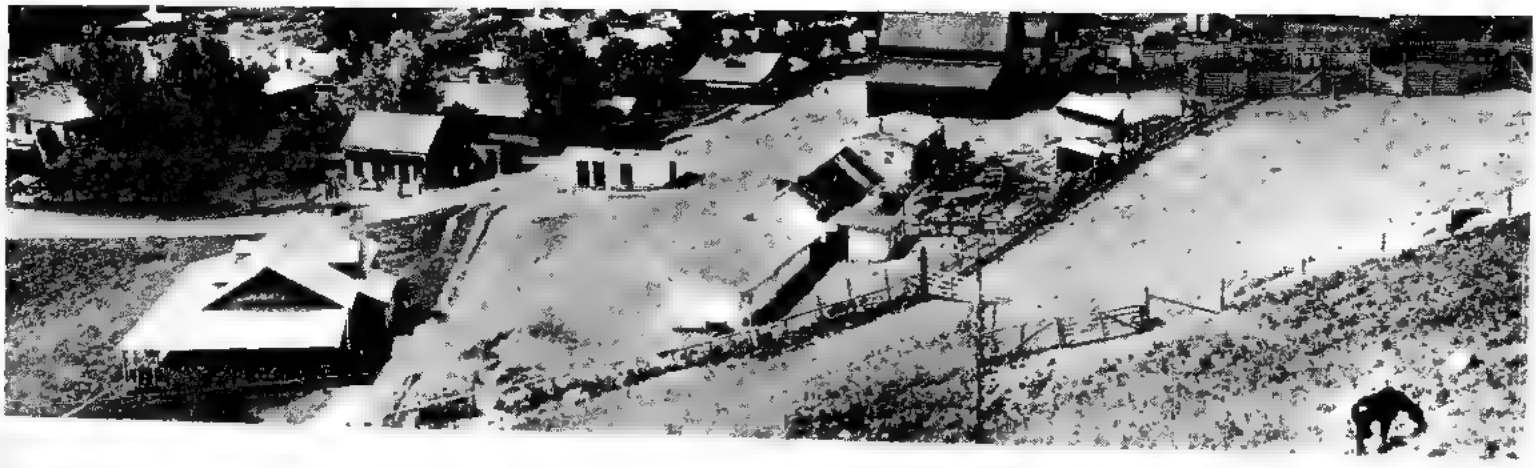
Played On!

viously in 1804. On his advice the trail used was the Northern Overland Road, pioneered by Captain James L. Fisk in the early 1860s. The family heads gathered with Hilger and Captain Davy to assess the crisis as dust raised by hoofs and wagon wheels gradually settled.

So far the Indians had not moved from their observation position but their huge force dismayed the immigrants. There were not enough fighting men in the train to stand off such a horde of redskins. An attack, then murder, looting and burning was in the making. What could be done?

Suddenly the heavily armed, mounted Indians in full warpaint started moving into the valley. It was then that Hilger conceived a daring and imaginative plan. He quickly summoned the members of a brass band which had been organized at the beginning of the westward march. They assembled in the square formed by the circled wagons and on his instructions began blaring out the loudest military marches that they knew.

(Continued on page 84)



WRANGLING DUDES in Yellowstone

By DORIS WHITHORN

Photos Courtesy Bill Whithorn, From the Collections of Henry Kitchens, Paul Hoppe and Mrs Charles Murphy

HOWARD EATON looked over his ranch at Wolf, Wyoming and made a decision which was going to change the course of his life. For a long time now—possibly too long—he and his brothers, Bill and Charles, had been playing congenial hosts to an endless stream of visiting friends from their old hometown of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The more hospitable the brothers were, the more guests they had, and oftener, too. And it wasn't that the visitors were conscious of taking unfair advantage of the Eatons, they were just plain fascinated with life in the Wild West. So, Eaton reasoned, why shouldn't he capitalize on the fascination by specializing in catering to guests—strangers as well as friends? Before too long, Howard had fashioned plans which would earn him the unquestioned title of King of the Dude Ranchers.

Howard Eaton

From the time he had come to the Plains at seventeen in 1868, horses had been Eaton's life blood. Two of his famous ones in later years were Geronimo and Danger. The Eaton boys originally had begun ranching with the Custer Trail Cattle Company near Medora, South Dakota with A. C. Huidekoper backing them. Huidekoper supplied money for the purchase of stock and supplies and the brothers did the work. Profits were divided.

"Howard Eaton," said Huidekoper, "sat on his horse as though he were a centaur, with clean-shaven cheeks, blue shirt, sombrero and neckerchief with flaming ends."

By 1898, he was maintaining a large herd of cows to fulfill a contract to furnish milk to Yellowstone Park hotels and transportation companies. In 1902, he and Buffalo Jones were responsible for obtaining for the park fifteen buffaloes from the Flathead Reservation. Eaton is pictured at right in March 1912 helping with the first move to resettle 400 elk from the northern herd in Yellowstone to several locations in western Montana and Washington.

But the Eatons were ranching in

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Group conducted by Doc Shore, fourth from left, in Gardiner, 1910.

Wyoming when the dude ranch idea came alive in 1904, and the success of the venture can be credited to the personal charm of Howard. He was always the same—friendly, fearless and energetic. As a raconteur, he was unsurpassed. He told tales of the old frontier with word pictures that rivaled the drawings of Charles Russell. He had a fine library of western history books and a collection of Indian and western relics, including a Spencer rifle and bugle lost by soldiers under Custer who were on their way to engage the Sioux at the Little Big Horn.

Eaton found that guests enjoyed horse-

Below, dudes setting out from Gardiner, 1918. Left to right: Mrs. Al Kitchens, Bessie Randall, Howard Eaton, Mrs. C. B. Scott, Lola Davis, Winifred Mead and Harriet Tyler.

back tours of scenic places, and in his years of dude ranching he made 100 trips as a guide through Yellowstone Park, twenty through Glacier and several through interesting sections of Arizona. By shipping his own horses and camp equipment to the areas, he gave the vacationer from the East a deluxe outing the tenderfoot could get in no other way.

By 1917, the brothers had over 7,500 acres, 500 horses, several hundred cattle and accommodations for 125 guests. The fame of this pleasure ranch made it a mecca for big game hunters and notables of both America and Europe.

EACH YEAR Eaton conducted a twenty-two day packtrip in Yellowstone starting from Mammoth the first week in August, traveling past Norris toward Old Faithful to Lewis Lake by way of Shoshone, around or across Yellowstone Lake, and on to Canyon, Tower and Mammoth to complete a loop similar to that made by the present roadway.

When Howard Eaton started making trips with dudes, the trails of the park were not maintained by the government. Each year, many trees would be blown down along the way and Eaton had to send a trail crew a week ahead of his dudes to cut out the downed timber. With the change from army supervision to the newly organized National Park Service in 1917, however, money was appropriated for trail maintenance.

The camp at Lewis Lake is shown above as it looked in 1916. There were seventy-five dudes that year. The tents, teepee style with a sunfly, could be set up in a minute. Four stakes placed in a square held the lower corners while two poles supported the top. To take the tents down, the poles were detached and the canvas dropped on the bedding that was left on the sewed-in bottom. The

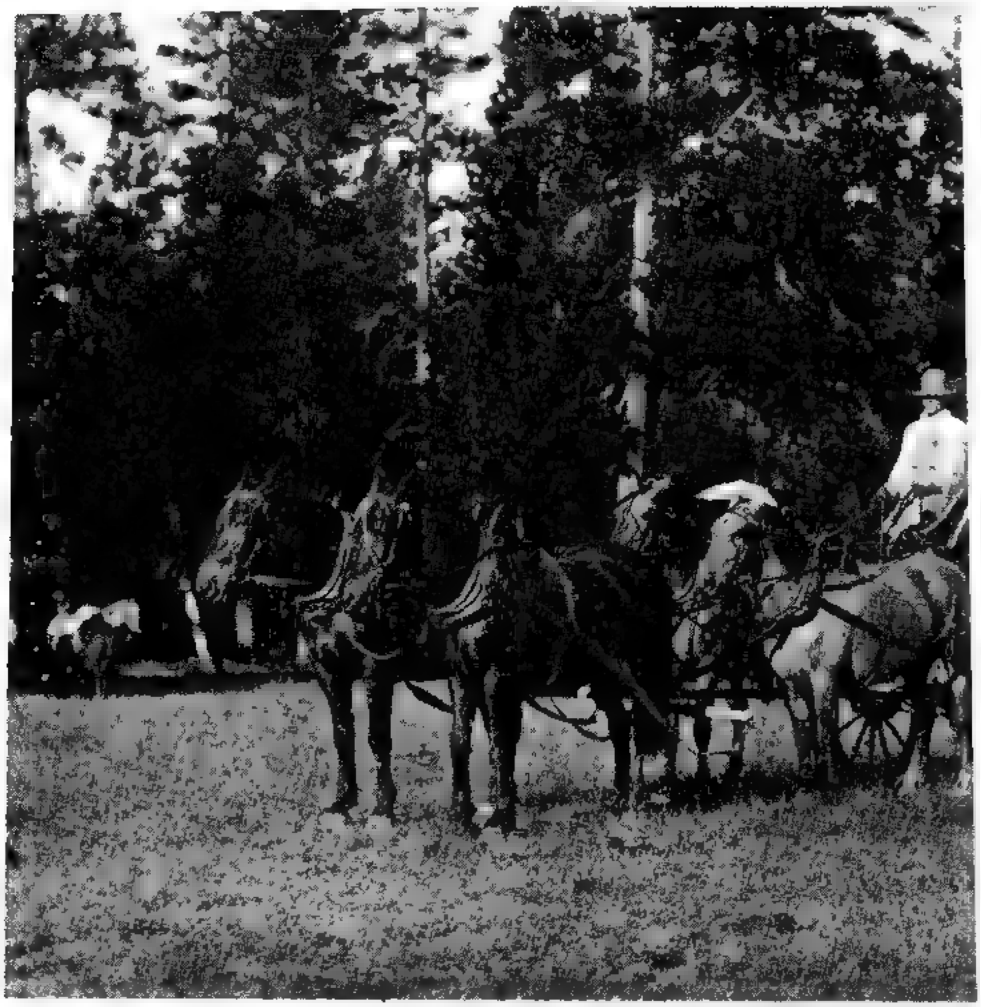
whole thing could then be rolled up and laid atop a packhorse. The row of women's tents was next to their outhouse—the long dark tent. The large white tent was a part of the cooking facilities. Cooking and dining room tents were large in comparison with the sleeping accommodations. Brother Bill usually accompanied the group as far as Old Faithful and then returned to the home ranch. He was a cattleman and did not particularly enjoy wrangling dudes.

Evening campfire was a highlight of the trip. "Howard Eaton was a storyteller with such picturesque and vivid narrative that his auditors considered him a sort of superman," said Howard Hays, manager of the Yellowstone Parks Camp Company in 1922. "In spite of his skill as a hunter, explorer, rancher and guide, he will be best remembered for his qualities of heart and soul and they were a part of his stories." Around the fire shown at left are freighters Jimmie Main and Billie Sallee, night wrangler "Honey Boy," and a vacationing youngster who is remembered to have had a severe case of diarrhea cured by the crew's blackberry brandy.

The four men pictured at lower left, Hank Kitchens, Jimmie Main, Billie Sallee and Claude Roberts, were part of the crew. Some had previously worked for other guides. Eaton's men knew their job so well so that when he arrived at an evening campsite, the tents were waiting for his party and supper was ready to be served.

Al Kitchens drove his own horses on the cookie wagon above in 1915 and met the Eaton outfit at Canyon. The long trip was started with supplies sufficient for the twelve days required to arrive at Canyon. The W. A. Hall Company of Gardiner then sent enough supplies there to last the remainder of the trip. On the twenty-two days outing, Kitchens laid over several days near the confluence of Buffalo Fork and Slough Creek near where "the transfer" to the Silver Tip Ranch was later built.

ONE FEATURE of the long trip was a boat ride on Yellowstone Lake from West Thumb to the Lake Hotel for those who wished to travel on water. Others continued around the lake on horseback. This trip was made on the Jean D, a gasoline-powered boat. Inside the boat, Howard Eaton, extreme right, talks with one of the dudes. His foreman, Duncan, is second from the left. The hatless man with dark glasses was an eastern millionaire and writer who came for several years to make trips with Eaton.



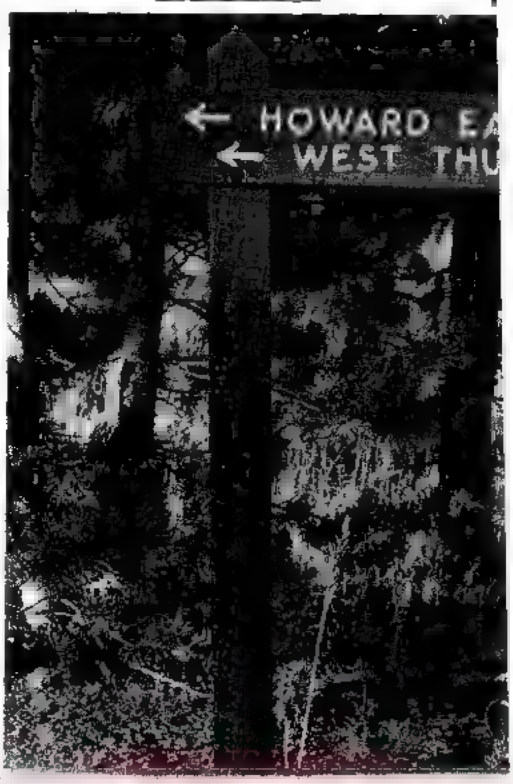
Though such writers as Ernest Thompson Seaton and Dan Beard made Eaton-conducted tours, the most famous of his frequent visitors was Mary Roberts Rinehart. Among her writings was "Through Glacier Park with Howard Eaton." A local news item in August 1917 said she had expected to be with him that year but had left for France as a war correspondent.

Evelyn Wight was one of the dude girls with Eaton's outfit in August 1916. At right she is riding Billy, Henry Kitchen's horse.

The Concord Coach above was made especially for touring Yellowstone Park, having all seats facing forward. Regular stagecoaches had seats facing each other with a jump-seat between and were not so well adapted to sightseeing. Officially called the "Fatigue Coach," this vehicle was dubbed the "Sore-ass Wagon" by those who herded the guests. Any dude who became weary of the horseback trip on the trail could dismount and wait by the road for this Yellowstone coach. The girl on the front seat is the one shown so proudly astride the horse in the previous photo.

Shortly after Howard Eaton's death on April 5, 1922, Yellowstone Park Company announced saddle horse tours would start from Mammoth four times during July and August. Each would last fourteen days and cost $196 per person for saddle horse, meals, tent and transportation of personal baggage. Tex Holm of Cody was guide for four years. Then Clyde and Bess Erskin, working from the OTO, led the Park Company's pack trips for another four years.

The more than two million annual visitors in Yellowstone National Park seldom see the signs which dot the back country. Only a "trail head" is indicated along the paved roads, but secluded markers, such as this one near the Lake Lodge, show cross-country distances to points of interest. In the history of Yellowstone Park, Howard Eaton occupies a unique position, never since gained by any other guide or outfitter. The Howard Eaton Trail was officially opened in 1923, a year after the death of the famous guide.



Nature's Booby Trap

QUICKSAND

By HENRY N. FERGUSON

THE PAIR of youngsters, Ross Tolliver and Jim Kilpatrick, spent the night at the picturesque Vines Hotel in tiny Saratoga, Texas. Both juniors in college, they were preparing to spend their Easter vacation exploring the awesome Big Thicket in East Texas. Early the next morning, packs on their backs, they hiked steadily into the dark fastness of that huge, mysterious region. An hour later they were skirting the edges of a stagnant slough, brushing aside whiskers of gray moss which hung from the trees.

Suddenly Tolliver, in the lead, gave a strange, choked cry. "I'm in trouble! Don't come any closer!"

The dry, sandy surface had crumbled beneath his boots and he was already floundering ankle deep in a soft treacherous ooze. Frantically he tried to lunge to one side toward firmer ground; as he did he sank to his knees in the marshmallowy quagmire. He panicked.

"I'm caught in quicksand!" he screamed. "Help me!"

Instead of plunging in to his friend, Kilpatrick coolly jerked the hatchet from his belt and ran into the forest. Choosing a small sapling, he hacked through it and raced back to the edge of the quicksand.

"Drop your pack," he told Tolliver, "it's pulling you down." As he spoke, he pushed the small tree toward the victim. "Now fall backward on the branches," he instructed. Tolliver obeyed. Even with his weight supported by the tree, it took more than an hour to free his submerged legs, but finally the task was accomplished. The boys had survived a harrowing and almost fatal experience with one of nature's deadliest booby traps.

"Quicksand" is a word with sinister connotations; it brings up vague recollections of fantastic tales from childhood—of the insidious power it has to suck its victims down to a terrible death. Through the centuries this malevolent phenomenon has furnished the ingredients for one of man's oldest nightmares. By no stretch of the imagination could there be a more horrible way to die. Because of this, fiction writers have exploited its possibilities with relish (frequently using it as a convenient device for disposing of unwanted characters). Notable examples of its use in literature appear in Wilkie Collins' *Moonstone* and in *The Bride of Lammermoor* by Sir Walter Scott. Victor Hugo wrote in *Les Miserables* that any attempt a victim of quicksand makes to free himself only buries him deeper.

Quicksand was also a popular conversation piece around campfires during pioneer days. In this era of automobiles and paved roads, few people ever encounter it. Yet quicksand is still with us, and is the more dangerous for being less familiar.

HOW can you detect this stealthy killer? Not by sight alone, for sand that is to all appearances perfectly firm may suddenly collapse and trap anyone who puts his weight on it. This is particularly true when the top sand has dried and crusted in the sun. In such cases a fast walker can sometimes get safely across, but anyone following in his footsteps is almost certain to be mired. The only way you can be sure is by testing sand before walking on it. Anyone who walks along the shore of a sandy lake, through swamp country, or along a river course where the sand may be quick should carry a pole or long stick for test probing.

But the one important thing to remember: *If you keep your head you will float in quicksand just as you will in water.* Your body will only sink in it until it displaces its own weight—then it will float. The problem then, of course, is how to get back to solid ground, and there are many tales of panic-stricken men who were unable to manage it. Still others have remained cool, allowed their bodies to sink straight down until they found a solid footing while their heads were still free of the sand. But then, unable to free themselves, they starved to death.

Trapped in true quicksand, you will soon sink to your knees, and will sink farther if you stand still or struggle. You must act quickly and without panic. You should promptly fall on your back (which is really the only direction you can fall) and stretch out your arms. If a companion is at hand to help you out, your situation is not usually serious. Contrary to the popular notion, quicksand does not suck objects down, and even at its worst it will support a great deal more weight than water will.

A platform may be built on the sand to extricate a victim. Most any available material will serve the purpose—fence rails, branches from a tree, a blanket, or a ladder. The mired person must be pulled out slowly and gently, for the sand maintains a tight grip and the victim may be injured by well-meaning rescuers.

A different situation exists, however, if you stumble into quicksand alone. Your only hope of survival lies in keeping your wits about you. Your first move, after falling backward, is to rid yourself of any burden you may be carrying. If you are fortunate enough to be carrying a pole you should work it beneath your back to help you "float." Then stretch your arms out at right angles to your body. In this position you could float in water; most certainly you can float on sand. Now you can yell for help; if none is available you can begin to extricate yourself on your own. It's not easy, and it requires dogged patience, but your legs must be pulled free of the mire one at a time—a task that can consume a couple of hours. Once this has been managed, select the shortest route to solid ground, then begin rolling slowly toward it and out of the danger area.

ANIMALS caught in quicksand react in different ways, and many of them are unable to free themselves without help. A dog can usually succeed, but only if his master gives proper encouragement. By making frantic, jack-rabbit jumps, a horse can often force its way to safety. Its rider must guide it out in the shortest direction, however, otherwise it will quickly exhaust itself and

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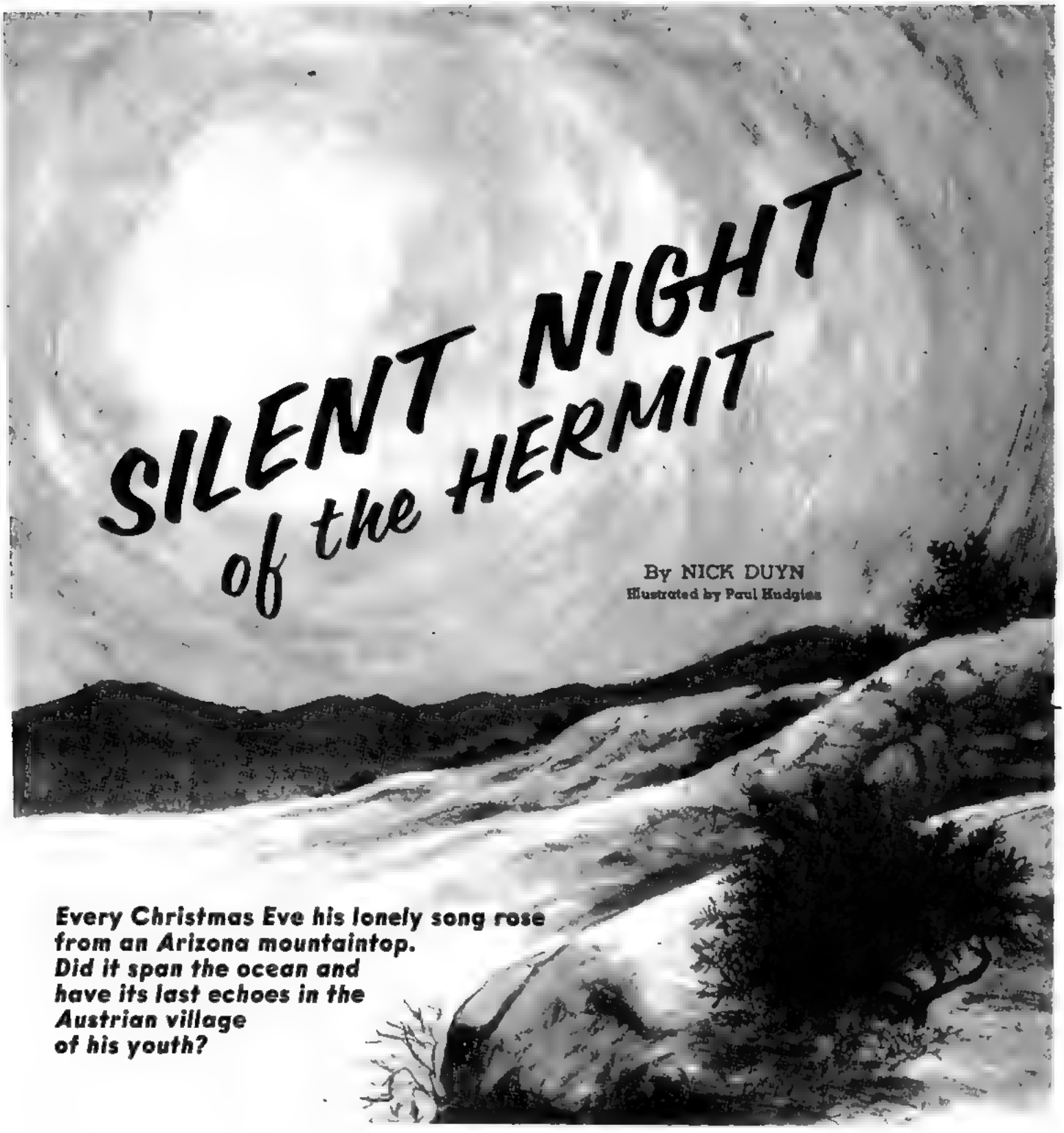

SILENT NIGHT of the HERMIT

By NICK DUYN

Illustrated by Paul Hudgins

Every Christmas Eve his lonely song rose from an Arizona mountaintop. Did it span the ocean and have its last echoes in the Austrian village of his youth?

DURING the last World War my partner and I had obtained a government loan to dewater an old copper mine. We then had to repair the 400-foot shaft and sample every drift and stope in order to determine the advisability of putting the mine back in operation. The copper situation could become critical and it was important that the work be done within a short time, which made us work under a certain pressure. Even so, the job was going to take us several months with a great deal of equipment and a crew of several men.

I had recently returned from Africa where we had successfully operated a gold mine and a tungsten mine. However, at our first chance to sell out at a good price, we took it. I had steered clear from all tropical diseases and had decided to return to the land of my first love, the desert of southern Arizona, where the climate is healthy, where you sleep without a mosquito net, and where you don't have to boil your water.

I had fallen in love with this desert twenty-five years before. It would be difficult to find a country so different from where I had just come, for I was born on a farm in Holland, not far from Amsterdam in the center of the Edam cheese district. My greatest ambition had always been to go to America and to the wide open spaces of the Far West. It is strange how one's desires and ambitions have a way of materializing if one does something about it. We were four boys and four girls. Two of the boys went into farming and two into business. I

was the only one who was sent to college, and even that was unusual for a farmer's boy in those days. After I had finished, I went to work for my oldest brother who had already established a good business in Brussels, representing an English rubber footwear manufacturer and an American manufacturer of foot appliances. When the American manufacturer visited Europe in 1912, he was very much pleased with my brother's results in Belgium. He then offered me the opportunity to come to his factory in Chicago, learn all about his full line of articles, and take an extensive course in Russian in order to represent his firm in that country. My "going to America" was practically thrown into my lap. I landed in New York on a cold day in February 1913.

But when I reached Chicago, my future employer had suffered a very severe nervous breakdown and had been moved across the lake for a complete rest. The manager was not even allowed to contact him, and as he was not acquainted with our arrangement, he suggested that I come back in three or four weeks. That suited me perfectly, for I did not have much desire to start learning Russian to sell foot appliances in that country, even if at that time the czars were still ruling and the words "Bolshevik" and "Communist" were practically unknown. I had paid my own fare to Chicago, so I felt myself entirely free to forget about that job. The important thing was that I was in America!

Naturally my first concern was to find another job, for my financial situation was not very strong. Although my accent was very pronounced, I spoke English quite well and my knowledge of the grammar was perhaps as good as that of the average American. Besides French and German I had had five years of English in school. I soon got a job in the office of a large furniture factory at a salary of $12 a week, on which I could live at that time.

A FEW MONTHS later a friend told me about the good wages made by operators of moving picture projectors in theatres. He knew, for his father dealt in projection machines; so I enrolled in an evening course that had just started. When I had about finished the course, there came to my friend's office a gentleman from a large California real estate firm with a novel idea of selling California land by showing moving pictures to Middle West farmers. He had seven salesmen, and the plan was to show their films in medium-sized towns. He purchased a modern moving picture projector and, when he inquired where he could find an operator for the machine, I was recommended and hired.

We set up our outfit in different towns in Indiana and Iowa, but the results were very poor. Farmers were reluctant to buy land without having seen it, and by the middle of December the main office decided to stop the project and call the entire crowd back to Los Angeles. I had expected they would send me back to Chicago but, as they intended to continue the system in their main office, they took me along.

Of course, the group was sorry about the failure of the trip, but everyone was happy to spend Christmas with his family in Los Angeles. After the holidays I set up the projector and screen in a corner of the large office, and the firm started advertising the land in different newspapers. Since I spoke German, they put my picture in a local German newspaper, for there was a great number of Germans in Los Angeles. Under my picture was the caption: "This is Nick Duyn, the manager of our German division, who knows every acre in the San Joaquin Valley and who says there is no better land than that particular tract."

When I told the manager that I had never seen the land and that I had to get an atlas to find out where the San Joaquin Valley was, he countered, "You know by now as much about it as any of us, and it is without doubt excellent land; otherwise we would not sell it. It is as good as any for hundreds of miles around and probably even better than much of it." I think he added that last sentence in order to make me believe in it, for in order to sell a product successfully a salesman must believe in it. In spite of the good quality of the land, however, and the real effort we all put behind it, the land again did not sell, and after two months the project was dropped.

During this venture I had learned that big cities did not appeal to me; what I wanted was the wide open spaces. Farming was not the answer, but I had read much about mining and it held a great fascination. In California I had learned enough about it that I made up my mind "that was going to be my work." I did not have the money to take a full mining engineering course in a university, but I could begin with a course in assaying and ore analysis. For this, a school had been started in Los Angeles two years previously, and I enrolled at once. In addition I took an International Correspondence course in geology and mineralogy. All this certainly kept me busy; but in addition I had to sell a newly patented lamp door-to-door to make my living expenses.

When I had finally completed my courses, a classmate and I secured a lease on a small silver mine deep in the Arizona desert, sixty-five miles from Tucson, not far from the Mexican border. However, we lacked sufficient capital and after a great deal of hard work, we had to give up. But I learned to love the desert with the blue sky and distant mountains on all sides, those unforgettable sunsets, the beautiful moonlight nights, that serene quietness and peace. And now, after many years and many adventures in distant places, I was back in the Southwest I loved.

THE OLD copper mine was located in the northern part of Arizona, about ten miles over a mountainous road from Prescott. Soon after we started operation an old man appeared on the grounds. He was a little below average height, slightly greying, but in spite of his age he walked with a steady tread. His face was old and tan—the kind of tan that never comes off—and in his neck were deep diamond-shaped furrows, the effect of long exposure to sun, wind and weather. He seemed to be much interested in our work but we were too busy and preoccupied to speak to him. He walked around for awhile among the pipes, pumps, lumber and dismantled hoist, with cable and gasoline drums piled up and thrown all over the grounds.

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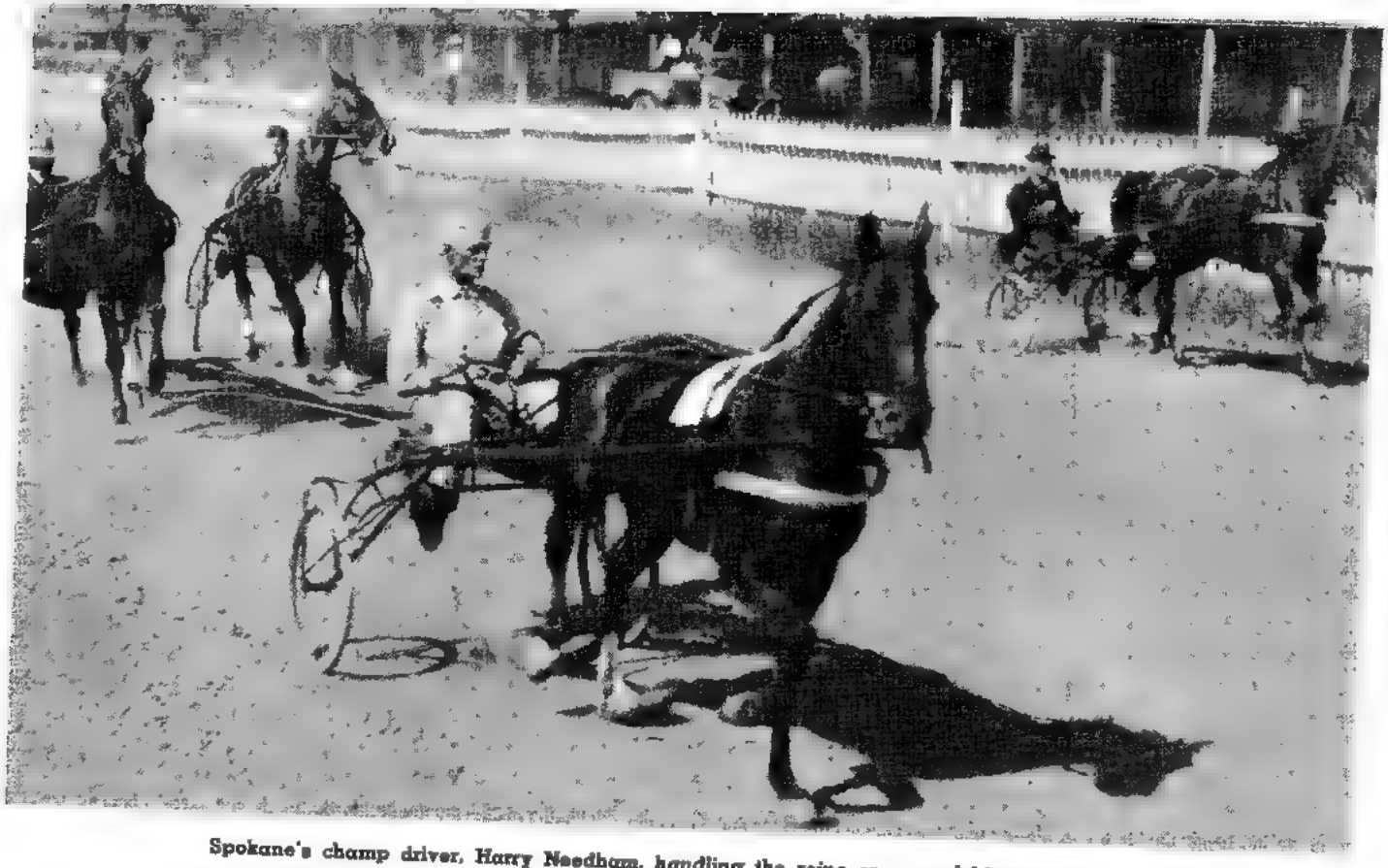


Spokane's champ driver, Harry Needham, handling the reins on one of his prize horses.

FASTEST TRACK WEST

—some unforgettable races in old Spokane

EVERY TRUE western frontier community has its own historical legend for the "how come" of the eccentric twists or looping turns of its so-called Main Street. For some, the story goes that Main Street was once a worn cow trail which led from the town-founder's pasture to his homestead cabin. For others, Main Street was the roadway approach down which the horse-drawn stage reached the remount station which gave birth to the community.

Spokane is no exception, except that its explanation of the wide swing of Riverside Avenue along the Spokane River bluff from Monroe to Hangman Creek is more in character with the town's social life of those pioneer days. Riverside Avenue was *once* a popular horse race course.

Back when Papa Glover's general store and horse corrals near the river on Howard Street was the town center, Riverside was a roadway which held to the bluff above the Spokane River's south bank, west to Hangman Creek. Here it made a graceful curve south to follow the Hangman Creek bluff rimming what is now known as the Coeur d'Alene Park area. At about where Third Avenue now is, the roadway curved east to sweep in an obstacle-avoiding course back to Pop Glover's Spokane Falls domain.

In the early 80s, a horse race was considered as much a community event as a homecoming or anniversary. From the elite to the rank and file, horse racing was the top sport of the town's growing populace. No Fourth of July celebration was planned without featuring horse races, from Indian free-for-alls to horse and buggy events for town rigs. Glover's was the take-off point.

During Spokane's Golden Jubilee celebration in 1931, I was privileged to listen to Spokane's first marshal, Joel Warren, reminisce about the Fourth of July in 1883, when a horse race nearly ended in a town riot. As Warren told it, the town was pretty well crowded with miners, cowhands and soldiers, along with a few Indians, all awaiting the big event of the day, a horse race open to all comers. The fee was ten dollars, and a line of pole stalls had been erected alongside Glover's stable for the horses.

"There was a considerable amount of betting going on, with a clique of the town's gamblers covering all bets by backing a fine looking stallion entered by a cattleman from Walla Walla," Warren explained. "The soldiers in turn were laying money recklessly on a long-legged, sleepy-eyed gelding with a U. S. Army brand on its rump.

"I SAW Spokane's old pioneer Dan Drumheller in the crowd and figured he would know something about the Walla Walla horse the gamblers were backing. The stallion had beaten every horse in the Walla Walla-Pendleton area, Dan told me and he didn't think any of the other contenders had a chance.

"About that time a grizzled-faced cavalry sergeant came up to me and remarked, 'If you hear some gunfire up the road a piece, think nothing of it,

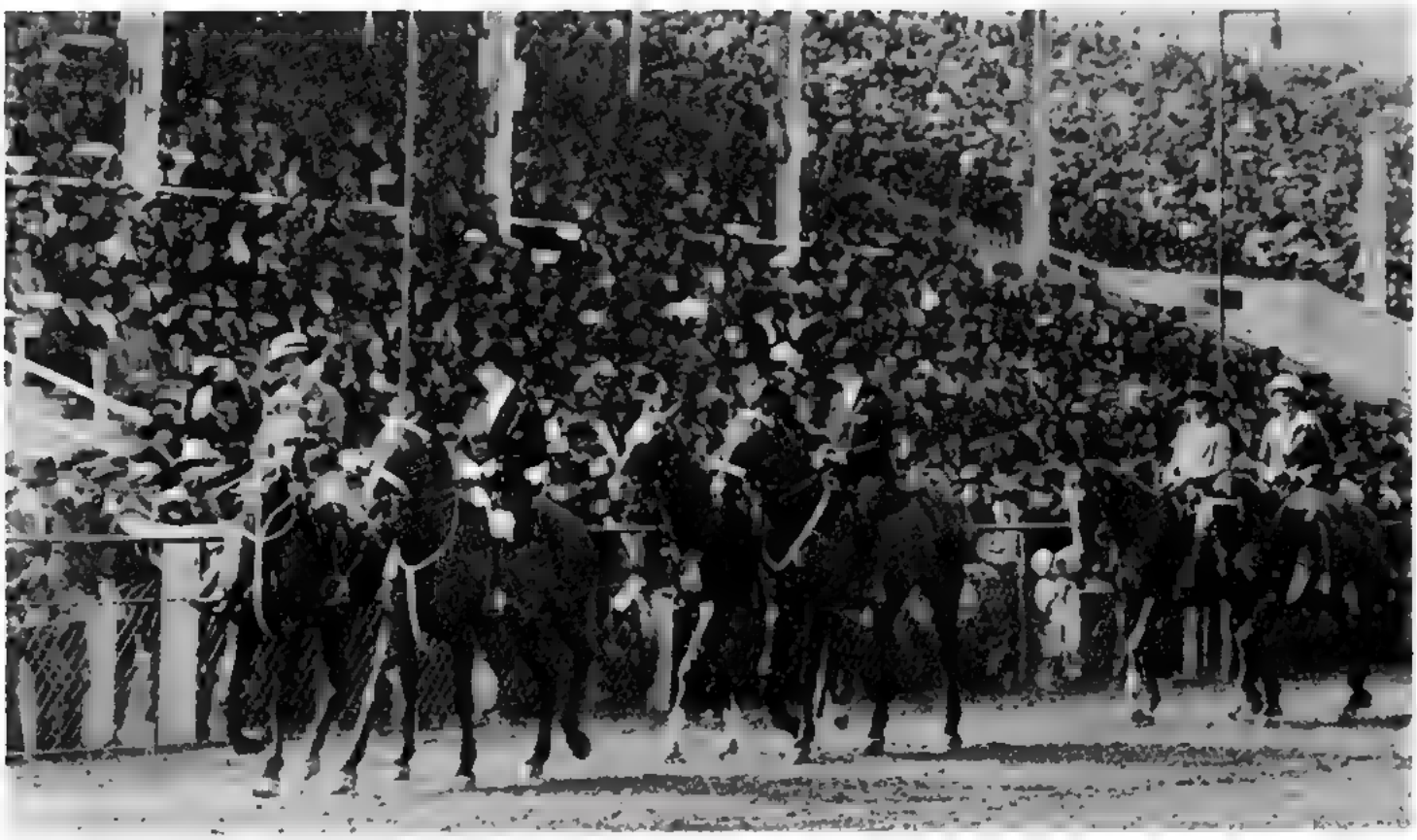
Right, Spokane's riding clubs display their mounts and owners in a grandstand parade at the Spokane Interstate Fair Track on Derby Day, 1812.

Opening day at the Spokane Interstate Fairgrounds Race Track in September 1915. Both running and trotting races were a part of each day's program.

of the MISSISSIPPI

By JAY J. KALEZ

Photos Courtesy Author



Thomas Calhoun, winner of the 1910 Derby at the Spokane race track receives his laurels at the finish line. Owner Daraux and Genevive Paterson stand proudly by.

Marshal. Some of my boys have a barbecue going up there and may be letting off steam by race time.'

"Ten horses lined up for the 'dropped flag' start," Warren went on. "As the runners tore up the Riverside road, the Walla Walla animal took the lead. The river road race course was better than two miles long, so as the horses began disappearing from sight near the Hangman Creek curve, the crowd at the starting line drifted up the straight-away approach for a glimpse of the runners as they came down the long home stretch.

"They didn't have long to wait. Just as the horses swung into sight from the Hangman Creek curve, I heard a blast of gunfire from that direction. Remembering what the old cavalry sergeant had told me, I thought nothing of it at first. Then from the shouting and yelling along the straight-away course, I knew something was happening.

"If you can imagine a horse shot out of a cannon, that's what the finish of that race looked like. The sleepy-eyed gelding with the U. S. Army brand came charging down the home stretch so fast it took the Indian lad riding him a good half-mile to rein-up. The soldier-backed animal won by five lengths.

"The gamblers refused to pay off until all the riders had been questioned on a possible foul. All they could say was that coming down the stretch the gelding simply had come from behind with a burst of speed no one could believe.

"Dan Drumheller tipped me off to the answer and I swore him to silence on the spot or there would have been a riot. Dan said, 'Now I remember that gelding with the U. S. rump brand! The Army quartermaster at Fort Spokane had him up for sale last spring after he'd bolted in a parade line and put a couple of troopers in the hospital. That damn horse is gun-shy loco. Fire a shot near him and he goes berserk like a spooked deer trying to run away from himself.' "

IT WAS early in 1887 that Spokane Falls blossomed out with a "Gentlemen's Riding Club." Gay-painted, spindle-wheeled buggies with trick gaited, high spirited horses became the man of distinction's mark. Fancy harness and buggy whip salesmen began living high. A family head was rated socially as much by the gloss and gait of the horse he drove or rode as by his bank account.

A second such organization soon sprang up, the Spokane Driving Club. "Money-on-the-line" rivalry in turn encouraged a third, the Falls City Racing Club. Naturally, a racing club with no place other than the town's main street to exercise its purpose, could result in but one thing. In March 1887, the citizens of Spokane Falls formally subscribed to a $5,000 fund for the purchase and construction of a race track. Within weeks a site was secured and a race track was under construction on the north side of town at what is now Corbin Park. By September a half-mile track with a thirty-stall stable was complete and the race club began promoting its first meet.

"The Fastest Track West of the Mississippi" became the slogan, and the Spokane *Chronicle* recorded daily attendance as high as 2,000. Opening day, October 11, 1887 saw more than $15,000 checked through the "Pool Box" as the approved system of race horse betting of that day was known.

Both running and trotting horses were listed on the first program. As an added attraction a baseball game was scheduled, one inning being played between each race. The afternoon's special program was a pistol shooting contest, with prizes ranging from a bushel basket of champagne to a gold-studded belt for the champion.

In 1888 the Falls City Racing Club meet was repeated in the fall with even greater success. Horses from as far east as the Mississippi were shipped in. Following the meet the profits were poured back into the grounds, beautifying the track property. A drive through Corbin Park today reveals landmarks of the old race course and its infield.

It was about this time that the Washington-Idaho Fair Association came into being. With combined exposition building, fairgrounds and racing program planned, the Spokane Racing Club quickly agreed to change its racing date to participate. Spokane's first "Fruit Fair and Race Meet" was a tremendous success.

The following year it became even greater. Trotting and running horses were brought in from distant tracks, and the Spokane Derby Race was inaugurated. By 1908 the Spokane Derby had gained national attention through some of the records which had been broken there. Unfortunately, 1908 also became the year of reform for horse racing in the State of Washington. Legalized betting was outlawed. Horse race fans met the challenge with a quickly devised system of cuff-betting and to some extent bookies maintained their track status despite the law.

In Idaho legalized betting remained. Within a year a horse race track was built at Alan a few miles across the Washington-Idaho state line near Post Falls. The Spokane and Inland electric line to Coeur d'Alene ran special trains from Spokane to meet the track program throughout the four weeks' race meet. Idaho's Alan plant however did not alter the Spokane Interstate Fair. Its two weeks' program of trotting and running races remained, with grandstand crowds as large as 20,000 recorded on Derby Day.

It took the depression of the 30s to smother Spokane's horse race fever. The pounding of hoofs at the fair track was replaced by stock car racing, rodeos and polo games. Indian pony races were thrown in occasionally, but thoroughbred racing seemed forgotten.

Then in 1936 a San Francisco promoter, Jack Jerome, gave horse racing in Spokane a chance at revival. A state law had just been passed which allowed a pari-mutuel system of betting. Hoping for a legalizing of dog racing, Jerome put on a free dog race meet at the Interstate Fairgrounds track. When the dog race bill failed to pass, Jerome leased the track for horse racing.

A short time later a group of Spokane citizens organized the Playfair Association and purchased the track grounds from the city. Since that time, track improvements at Playfair have been many but it will take more than gaudy flags, special club facilities, paint and slogans, to ever equal the memories of what was once the old Interstate Fair grandstand and the horse race center of the community.

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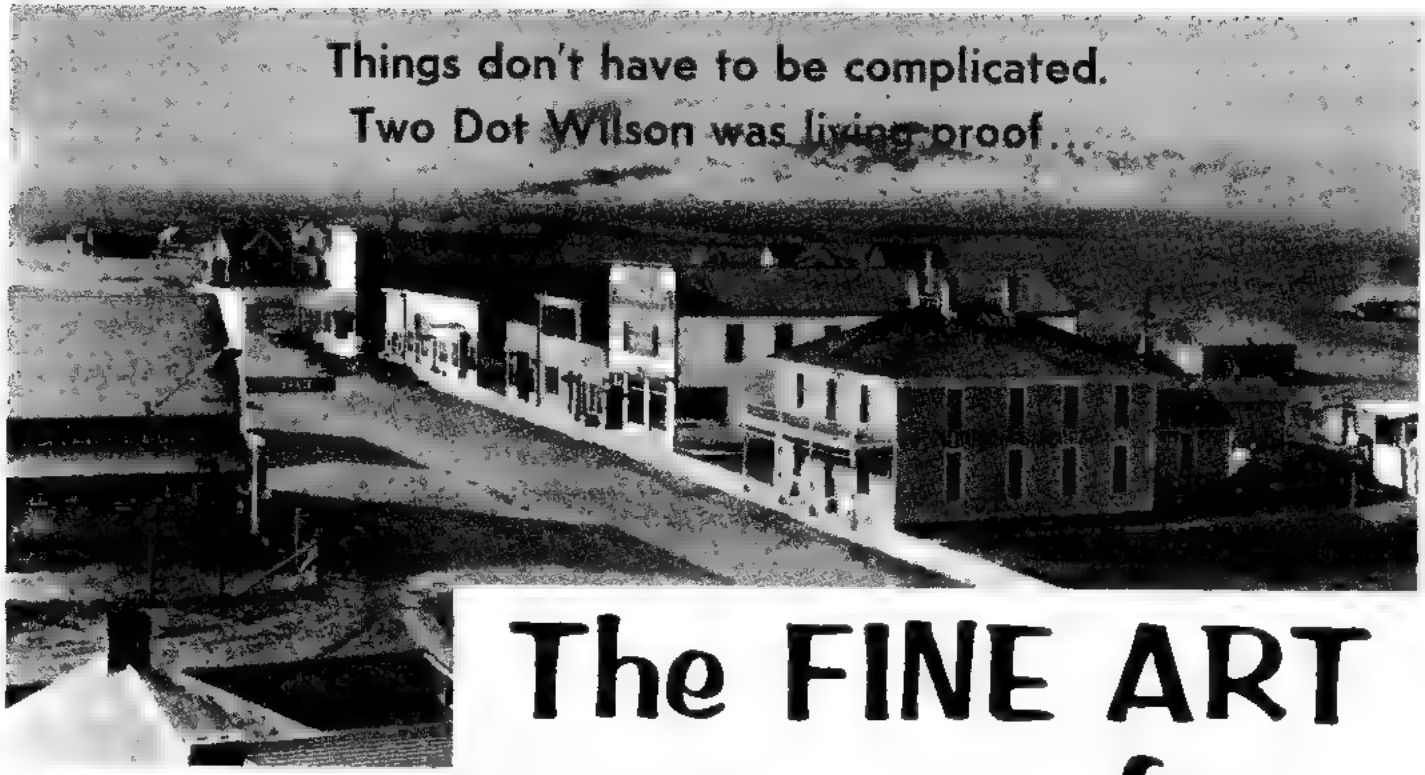


Courtesy Montana Historical Society, Helena

The FINE ART of IGNORING TROUBLE

By ART H. WATSON

ON THE Milwaukee Railroad between Martinsdale and Harlowton, Montana, is the little town of Two Dot. The town derives its name from George R. "Two Dot" Wilson. I never knew him, but he has been described to me by my father and many of the old-timers who did know him, as being a brilliant though eccentric character.

His hair and whiskers were unrestrained and grew as God made them. He never wore a hat and never used shoelaces in his shoes. There was too much time lost tying the laces. He was a human dynamo, slept little, ate little, and worked by daylight, not by the clock. His brand was two dots on the ribs, and as legend has it, Two Dot used any sized dot that was required to blot out any existing brand. Few men around him used the same side of the animal to brand on, because the bottom of a frying pan could cover up any brand. I have no way of knowing whether these tales were true or false, but Two Dot became very wealthy and counted his cattle by the thousands. He ranged from the Yellowstone River to the Musselshell River and widely up and down both.

In the fall he would ship a trainload

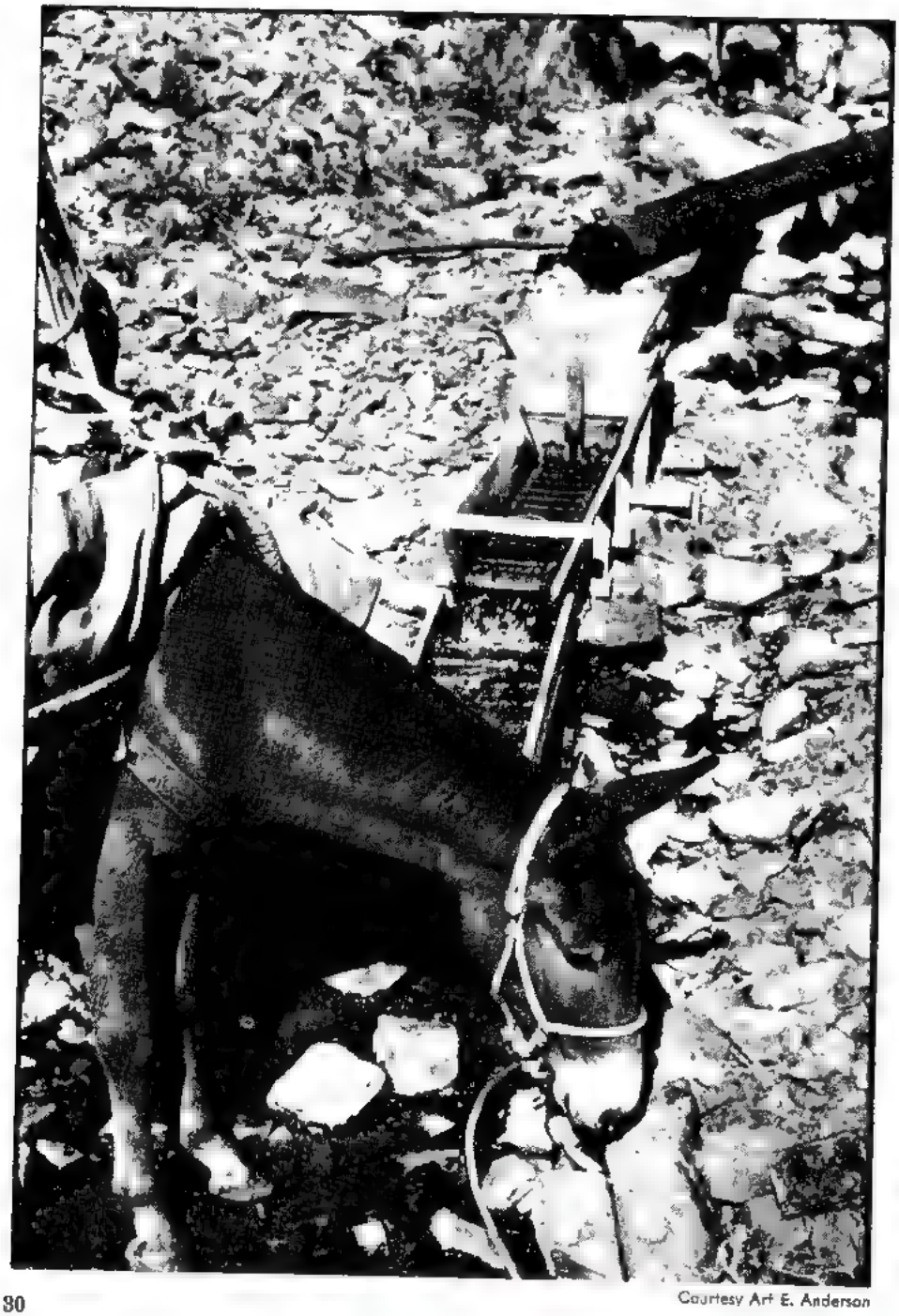
(Continued on page 45)

G. R. Wilson shown below the town named for him.

Courtesy Montana Historical Society, Helena

BURIED RICHES
ON OLD HORN'S PEAK

"If I don't return from this trip alive," George Skinner wrote... and his premonition was right



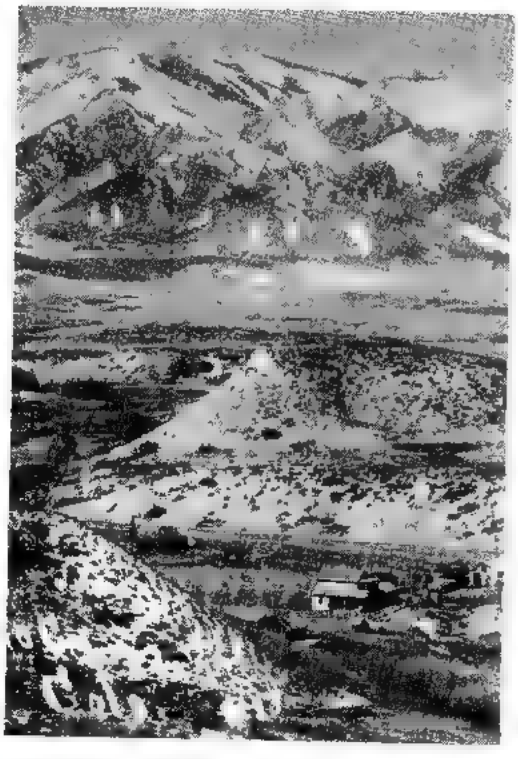
Courtesy Art E. Anderson

Submitted by
LEON C. PALMER

Explanatory note: The following account appeared in the Wet Mountain Tribune, Westcliffe, Custer County, Colorado, March 5, 1915.

NOT long ago a party of mining men gathered at one of the principal hotels in Denver to discuss matters and things of interest to the mining business. Some of them had made large fortunes in mining and not a few had had actual experience in prospecting and its many hardships. The conversation naturally turned to the early days of mining in the State, and after several incidents of interest had been recounted, one of the

Greenhorn, Colorado, 1889.



Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

Rosita Hills in the foreground. Wet Mountain Valley in the center, the Sangre de Cristo Mountains in the background.

party drew from his pocket a buckskin bag, from which he produced a large gold nugget of considerable value and in appearance unlike anything usually seen in that part of the State.

"This nugget," he said, "has a history which is extremely interesting. Its possession cost one human life, besides years of hardship and anguish. The exact spot where it came from is unknown at present and I confidently believe many years will elapse before it is known.

"In the early part of 1860, when the country generally in Colorado was in its primitive form, inhabited for the most part by coyotes and redskins and before its natural attractiveness had been marred by money-making contrivances, a lone prospector set out from Denver to explore the then uninhabited region in the vicinity of the Greenhorn and Sangre de Cristo Ranges in the south-central part of the state some 200 miles from Denver. No one knew who he was or where he came from—few questions were ever asked regarding a man's antecedents. It was sufficient to know he was there and one of them.

Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

"At the place where he bought his supplies, however, he gave the name of George W. Skinner and said he was outfitting a trip to the Sangre de Cristo country. Besides paying for what he purchased, he deposited with the proprietor of the store a sum of money which he did not care to take with him to the mountains, saying he would call for it when he returned in the fall.

"Several years passed by and nothing was heard of the lone prospector. The beautiful Wet Mountain Valley which lies at the foot of the Sangre de Cristos was the home of a German colony which had come from the East and settled there. Very little prospecting was done by these pioneers as they found their time too much taken up with caring for themselves and their families.

"One day early in the spring of 1868 a middle-aged man drove up to one of the more pretentious looking ranch houses in the valley and asked to be housed for the night. His request was promptly granted and after the evening meal when the family was ranged about the fireplace anxious for news from the outside world, the stranger told them the nature of business which had brought him to that part of the country. He came from Illinois, he said, and was in search of a missing brother whom he had traced that far and was anxious to find. The brother had left home to come to Colorado in the early days of the western fever, since which time nothing had been heard of him.

"Becoming alarmed at his continued absence, this brother had come to Colorado and upon arriving at Denver had learned from a friend who was in the grocery business there that a man by the name of Skinner had bought a bill of goods from him early in 1860 giving the Sangre de Cristo country as his objective point and had left a sum of money on deposit which had never been called for.

"The brother therefore made his way to the valley in hopes of finding some trace of the man who called himself Skinner. The following morning the German rancher accompanied the younger Mr. Skinner through the valley but not one of the residents had ever heard tell of such a man as he was in search of.

"Somewhat discouraged by the failure of his mission the discouraged brother procured the services of an old hunter and guide and started into the mountains in the hope of obtaining some information. Some months were thus spent without finding a trace of the man for whom they were searching and as the summer season was rapidly drawing to a close, Mr. Skinner and his guide started for the valley where they proposed to winter. They would take up the search again in the early spring. One night they camped just at the timberline on the eastern slope of Horn's Peak near what apparently had been at one time the camp of a prospector. Mr. Skinner's curiosity prompted him to make some explorations in the gathering twilight and while removing the brush and debris which had evidently formed the floor and roof of the cabin, he found an old leather pocketbook partly rotted away and carefully tied up with wire. Worn out with the travel of the day, he put his find in his pocket, intending to examine it in the morning.

"IN THE night one of the snowstorms so common in the mountains at that time of the year came up, and when the travelers awoke in the morning they found several inches of snow awaiting them with no signs of the storm's abating. Hastily getting their camp fixtures together they packed their burros and made their way as rapidly as possible to the home of the German in the valley below, where they arrived safely in the course of a day's travel. Not until the animals had been safely housed and everything made snug for the winter did Mr. Skinner think of his find in the cabin.

"When he finally unfolded the pocketbook the secret of his long search was revealed. Carefully rolled up in the inside of the wallet was a letter written by his brother more than eight years before which said, 'My weary search is ended and my efforts crowned with success. Tomorow I start for the settlements to return in the spring to uncover and work the valuable mine which I have discovered. Realizing the fact that I am a long way from civilization and liable to meet with a serious mishap, if not death, before I reach the outer world I am prompted to make the following statements which may reach the hand of some friend should misfortune overtake me. This letter I will leave in my cabin hoping that I will be on the ground again

(Continued on page 54)

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Hate has a long reach. It can pluck its victim from a house of prayer or from the coach of a speeding train...

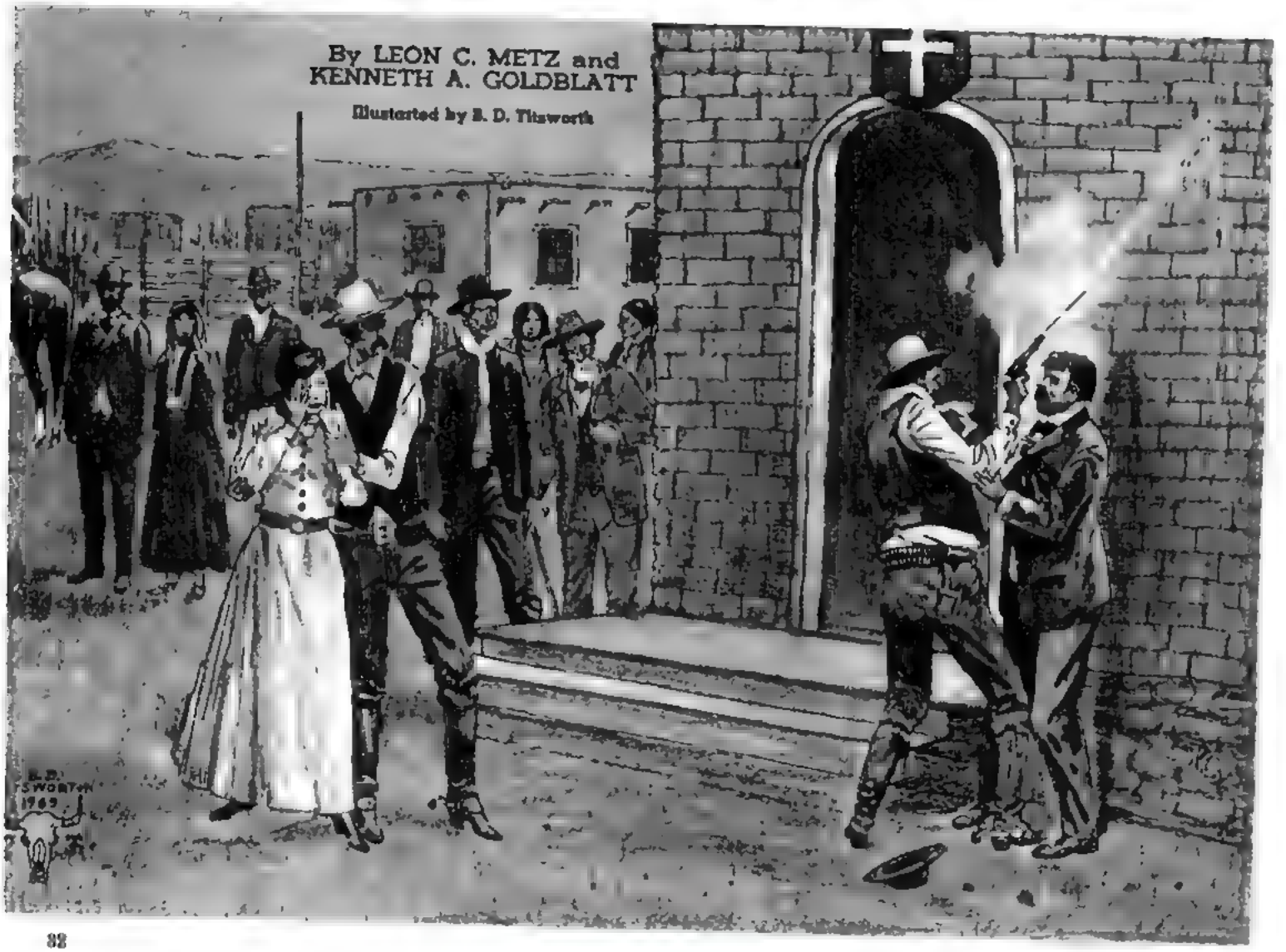
MURDERED IN CHURCH

By LEON C. METZ and KENNETH A. GOLDBLATT

Illustrated by B. D. Titsworth

IN 1880 Socorro, New Mexico, was a town whose citizenry regarded each other with hatred, distrust or contempt, as the case might be. Situated in the central portion of the Territory, not over one hundred miles south of Albuquerque, the predominantly Mexican community had long experienced the bite of *gringo* justice, with its land disappearing without explanation or trial into the coffers of the greedy *Americanos*.

Still, the peace of Christmas Eve took precedence in the village, and in the



Catholic and Protestant chapels good will prevailed. Both races smiled, nodded, and exchanged *"Buenas noches"* as they hurried through the evening on their way to pray. Through the stained glass windows of the churches, frosted by the cloudy breath of so many onlookers, visions of gaiety and handshaking were revealed. Men laughed and chatted, assisted their wives with scarves and coats, and loudly called a "Merry Christmas" to everyone nearby.

Inside the Catholic cathedral numerous statues of Jesus Christ—*Santos* the natives called them—filled the niches or Stations of the Cross. The Protestants substituted paintings of the Savior and noticed that their practice of fervent missionary zeal was paying off. All of Socorro had been invited to the services and, surprisingly, a few Mexican families had attended, moving quietly into the pews set aside for them.

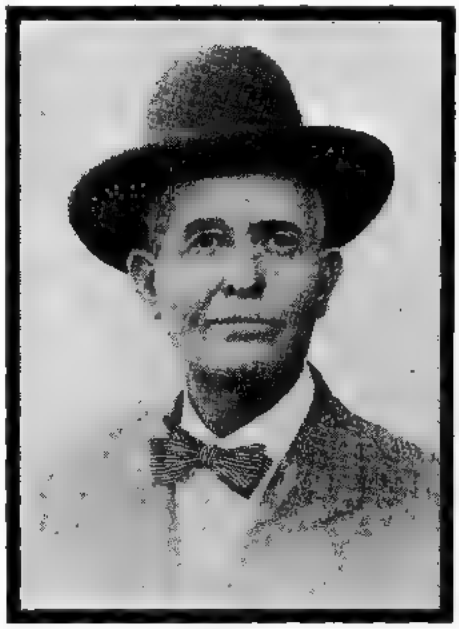
But the devil, too, had taken a seat and patiently sat weaving his strands of evil for the community, the Baca brothers, and the eloquent editor of the Socorro *Sun*, A. M. Conklin. No one suspected that within hours the town would enter upon a period of great unhappiness, that before this night's activities were finished, lawlessness would split the Territory into factions, that Mexico and the United States would threaten armed reprisals against each other, and that the Texas Rangers would write a disreputable and controversial chapter into the lawbook of international relations.

THE MOLD from which old-time newspaper editors were formed and hardened seems to have been ground into a fine powder and scattered aloft into the lusty winds. At best the trade was dangerous, for editors fought with virtually everyone. Western editors in particular could cause more damage in a few minutes with their pens than a corral full of gunmen during their most homicidal period. Editors could be libelous, insulting, infuriating; they could be unkind to anyone but an advertiser, and sometimes even these persons took their licks like everyone else. Perhaps the old-time editors were simply frustrated preachers at heart, for they loved to rage against sin. Scarlet ladies were always good for an editorial, and almost equally favored were the politicians. Because they were distrusted anyhow, people stood ready to believe any accusation printed about public officials. And near the bottom of the sinners' pile, in disarray and disrepute, lounged the law officers and gunmen. Conklin attacked all of these in his various editorials, and in so doing wrote his own death warrant.

Conklin had not always been editor and owner of the *Sun*. Like most of the American community, he had drifted in from "back East" which, in this instance, meant Indiana where he had previously managed and edited the Indianapolis *Sentinel*. Then the Civil War beckoned and the slightly built, mustachioed Conklin enlisted and served a stint in the Union Army, finally rolling up his discharge papers and settling in New Mexico where he returned to his newspaper career. He worked on the *Gazette* in Las Vegas and published the *Herald* in Albuquerque before moving to Socorro.

Courtesy Division of Manuscripts, University of Oklahoma Library

Texas Ranger James B. Gillett mounted on "Dusty," 1878. Right, Gillett in later years.



Courtesy Division of Manuscripts, University of Oklahoma Library

Early in 1880, he objected to the forcible possession of the polls on election day by a party of armed men. Next he condemned the murder of a local police officer, J. C. Thomas, by what Conklin called a "hired assassin." Unfortunately, the issues of the *Sun* which carried these editorials are no longer extant. However, the editor of the Las Vegas *Daily Optic* noted that there existed "little doubt that the assassins went to the church on Christmas Eve with the intention of killing him [Conklin] because of his standing on these matters."

THE CONKLIN FAMILY barely noticed the Bacas in the crowded church. Both parties took their respective seats, Conklin sitting a few pews behind a young Anglo lady struggling with the pins in her shawl. As she lifted it off and draped it beside her on the bench, Enofrio Baca arose, stepped quietly across the aisle, sat down directly behind her, and thumped one of his muddy boots down atop the scarf.

Indignation is hardly the term to describe what happened when the young lady witnessed mud and snow suddenly scattering across her clothing. Conklin, seeing the insulting behavior (as it was probably planned that he should), jumped off the bench and hoarsely demanded that Baca remove his feet at once. When the response did not come quickly, Conklin personally kicked Baca's feet onto the floor, and a cursing struggle immediately followed. Abran and Mesias Baca seized the editor and tried forcing him from the building, but the act was stopped by the intervention of bystanders. Vowing vengeance, the Bacas stomped angrily from the premises.

An uneasy service followed, but by eleven p.m. nearly everyone had convinced himself that the trouble had blown over. Slowly the worshippers crossed through the open portals and started walking toward their homes. Conklin, linked arm in arm with his wife, followed slowly at the rear. Beside him chatted an old friend, Mr. McFarland, an associate on the *Sun*.

Standing beside the church door the Baca boys waited, and when Conklin stepped outside, his wife was roughly shoved from him and he felt himself

(Continued on page 62)

NUGGETS

THE SMALL GOLD STAR

By I. L. Pfalser

A SMALL GOLD STAR marks the spot on the sidewalk in Winfield, Kansas which on October 26, 1893 ran red with the blood of a man who was a friend to every resident of the community.

Pioneer lawman, Capt. H. H. Siverd's death came as a shock to everyone, especially his best friend, a newsman for the Winfield *Courier*. The mortally wounded Siverd passed the last few minutes of his life lying on the *Courier* office floor as his friend wrote a special report on the happenings of the previous few minutes. As life ebbed, the presses rolled with the following story.

"As we go to press, all that remains of Capt. H. H. Siverd, as true and noble friend as ever held the breath of life, lies on our office floor, true to his friends, true to his principles, true to his duty, in the full prime of his manhood, his life goes out. He has faced shot and shell on many a battlefield, but the assassin's bullet in the hands of villainy and hate has done its work."

Thus the newsman wrote, racked with frustration at his inability as well as that of others who had gathered, to save their dying friend. Sick with the thought of this brutal slaying, he wrote his account of the slaying and events leading up to it.

Cowley County, and the Winfield area in particular, was settled shortly after the Civil War by veterans of the Union Army. A member of this group, Capt. Siverd was greatly respected and a very popular figure in the community, and was soon elected constable.

Winfield was a raw, growing community, typical of the Kansas plains. Law and order at times were lax but Capt. Siverd set about trying to quiet things down. Wandering renegades from Indian Territory were always a matter of concern, along with general thievery and whiskey running, so border lawmen had little peace.

On that fateful October 26, Siverd had received a warrant for the arrest of a young man for illegal sale of liquor. The suspect, Wilber Norton, was soon found and, after a show of resistance, was formally arrested. Proceeding up the street with his prisoner, Siverd had just reached the northeast corner of Ninth and Main streets when Norton's friend and companion, Morgan Wright, blocked the way. Intent on getting his man to jail only a few blocks away, Siverd at first paid little heed to Wright; however, Wright's threatening gestures and his demand for Norton's release brought the two men face to face. Siverd, not fearing either of the two young hoodlums, stood his ground.

Suddenly Norton jerked loose and sprang to one side, momentarily knocking Siverd off balance while at the same time calling to Wright to "Shoot the s-o-b!" Siverd went for his gun but Wright pulled back a coat he was carrying on his right arm, revealing a fire-belching .45. Fired at point blank, there was no chance for the bullet to miss and it entered Siverd's body just above the heart. The constable crumpled to the sidewalk mortally wounded, his gun still in the holster. Both Norton and Wright ran down the street away from the gathering crowd and disappeared into an alley.

Doctors Emory and Hornaday, who were standing nearby, rushed to give aid but immediately realized Siverd had only minutes to live. They carried him to the nearby office of the Winfield *Courier* where he was laid out on the floor as his life ebbed away. The shooting occurred at 3:15 p.m. and at exactly 4:00, Siverd died.

An aroused citizenry, in company with the city marshal and his deputies, set out on the trail of Norton and Wright. By nightfall, both had been flushed out of hiding and lodged in jail on the charge of murder.

The two men were quickly brought to trial in Cowley County District Court. Norton, who had given the command to fire the fatal shot, was sentenced to hang on December 27, 1893, while Wright, who had actually pulled the trigger, received a twenty-year prison term. Since there was no capital punishment law in Kansas at that time, Norton was sent to the state prison at Lansing to serve out a life sentence. On January 14, 1910, Governor Hock commuted his sentence and he was discharged three years later on May 15. Wright was let out on parole.

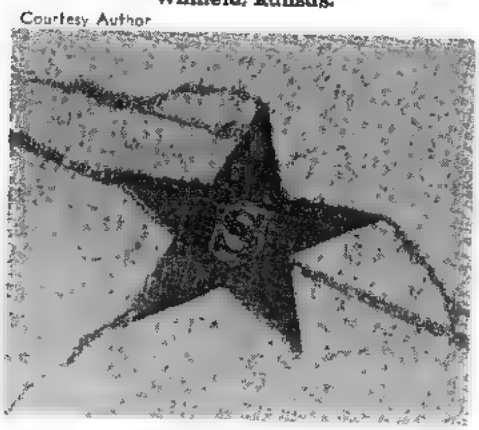
The state's population had grown considerably by the time both were released. The old wild days were almost a thing of the past. In a short time both dropped out of public life and were never heard of again.

The Winfield G.A.R. Post, which Capt. Siverd had served as commander and which was later renamed in his honor, elected to erect some type of monument to his memory. After much discussion, it was decided that a gold star should be placed in the sidewalk to mark the spot where the mortally wounded Siverd fell. Lodge members pooled their gold lodge pins, which were melted down and cast in the form of a five-pointed star with the letter "S" inscribed in the middle.

The star was cast into the new concrete sidewalk where it remains today, worn somewhat by the passage of time and thousands of feet. It serves as a testament that the taming of the West did not come easily.

The gold star cast in the sidewalk in honor of pioneer lawman Captain H. H. Siverd at the corner of Ninth and Main in Winfield, Kansas.

Courtesy Author



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FISHING IN IDAHO

By Roscoe LeGresley

"THE STEELHEAD are running! The steelhead are running!" Long ago this annual cry traveled up the Clearwater River from Lewiston via the bush telegraph, for there were no roads and few telephones which reached into the remote area along the river. The message reached out not only along the main Clearwater but all of its tributaries as well, especially the largest, the Middlefork.

Feverishly the natives went to work moving boats to the water's edge. Everyone began to check gear; fire jacks were inspected; huge piles of pine pitch, cut days ago, were checked and rechecked with the utmost important tool of all, the fishing spears, receiving special attention. For these latter, new handles had been cut to insure no steelhead would snap rotten wood and escape the fisherman. The spears themselves, some with only one hook, others with as many as four or five, were inspected for sharpness, then laid close at hand for the first night of fishing. This event was something all the natives looked forward to, not only to provide more food for their families but to add to their meager income.

In the early 1900s spear fishing was legal in Idaho. Quite a few persons in this part of the country can still remember this type of fishing, but none can recall it quite so vividly as Lennis Engle, sixty-two-year-old Grangeville resident who was born and reared in a log house on the banks of the Middlefork, fifteen miles east of the present town of Kooskia. At a tender age he had mastered the dangerous job of poling a boat up and down the river at night, fishing with spears.

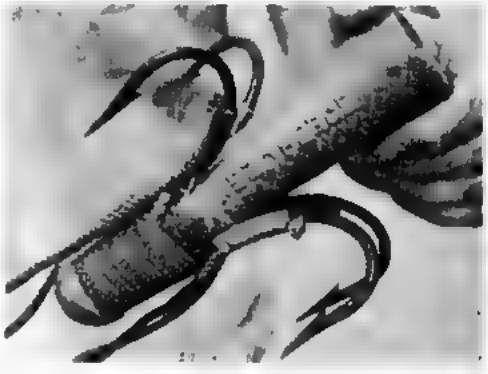
After spending all day in school Lennis would hurry home and make sure the fishing gear, boat spears and pine pitch were ready for the evening's work. When darkness fell, he and a companion, Ferrell Trenary, would push their boat into the water, light the pitch in their fire jack, and start drifting down the river with the current, controlling the boat by the means of a long pole.

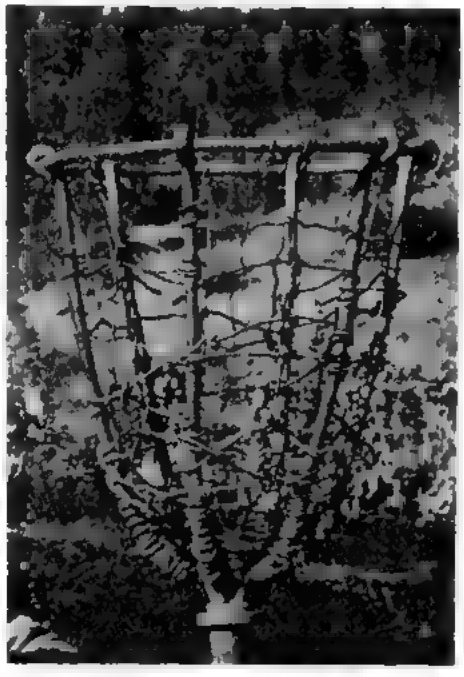
As they moved out into the river the sputtering, almost blood-red light from the burning pitch, placed in a wire basket and mounted on a steel pipe five or six feet above the boat, would penetrate the water better than any other light. Steelhead and salmon, as they moved lazily along under two or three feet of water or lay still as if resting, could be seen for many feet. When one was spied, the spearman stood at the prow of the boat, cast his spear, and hauled the huge fish aboard.

This would go on all night sometimes, or until they had a load. The boys would then pole the boat back upstream to the starting point to unload and clean the fish which were strung on racks. When morning came Lennis' father hauled the catch by wagon to Camas Prairie, twenty miles away, where the fish would bring 20c a pound from the ranchers and farmers.

Photos Courtesy Author

Above, spear heads invented by Engle. A piece of pipe on the end provides a holder for the handle which was a long, straight sapling. Lines which fastened to the hooks were braided from whatever heavy cord available. Below, the sophisticated version of the Engle invention, manufactured by Andy Hjort and sold commercially. The heads were cast aluminum. Why the words Nez Percé were cast into the piece no one knows. Right, fire jack—metal basket which held the lighted pine pitch for the night fishing.





LIN ENGLE, Lennis' father, started searching for ways to improve his spears which up to now had been nothing more than a long shaft with some sort of metal point, ground sharp and a barb added. Most fishermen would straighten a heavy hook for this purpose. It worked well, but because the point was fastened solidly the lively fish would sometimes either snap the shaft or tear loose and swim away.

The elder Engle went to work designing a number of different types of spear points, some with two hooks, others with three, which raised the odds of catching a steelhead but did not solve the problem of the fish's tearing itself loose or breaking the pole before it could be landed.

Finally Engle conceived the idea of making a cluster of four hooks, each fastened to a heavy cord about two feet long. To hold them in place when striking with the spear, he wrapped a number of turns of heavy cord around the nose of the spear point, then slipped the shank of the hooks under the coils. This worked so well that his friend, Andy Hjort, who owned and operated a small machine shop in Kooskia, made a deal with Engle to patent and manufacture the spear. It sold for three dollars.

When everyone spear fished for steelhead during the annual runs in the early spring and late fall, thousands of the fish were on the move; and even though many were caught, this type of fishing never damaged the "runs," nor did they slow down. It was only after a dam was constructed at Lewiston, on the Clearwater River, that the fish runs were impeded enough that it was feared spearing would kill too many females before they reached their spawning grounds. Consequently, in 1946 a law forbidding everyone, including the Indians, to spear fish went into effect.

In the '50s the Indians appealed to the courts which declared the law unconstitutional because of a treaty made in 1855.

(Continued on page 50)

MEIN HERR GETS A LOOK

Above, Aljaska Land, formerly Russian America. Trading center of the Russian-American fur company on Unalachet River. Below, inner compound of the trading center in Nulato.

DURING AUGUST 1868, more than a hundred years ago, the first pictures of American Alaska for the German reader appeared in an illustrated magazine entitled *Ueber Land und Meer*. They were part of a report on the American acquisition of Alaska which had taken place almost one and a half years previously, but it took considerable time to present a news item with pictures from one part of the world to the other.

In spite of the delay, subscribers to the German illustrated were rewarded with a lively description and three pictures of a far-away country inhabited by Indians, Eskimos and white trappers, and imagination was excited to a degree we today can scarcely comprehend. For us, too, the illustrations and article are interesting, but in a different way. Mainly, we note or are amused at how North Europeans looked at the Great Land, Aljaska. For this reason, I have tried to give an exact translation of the article, which in some respects is overly romanticised and at times even in error. However, we can afford to be generous in our appraisal, for we recall that the age of romanticism was not long past and that the aids of communication we have today did not exist. Granted the author was naive, but surely he was innocent of any willful propaganda or evil intentions. The illustrations are signed by X. A. & E. Helm, the article by A. Wellmer, names long forgotten.

Aljaska Land—formerly Russian America

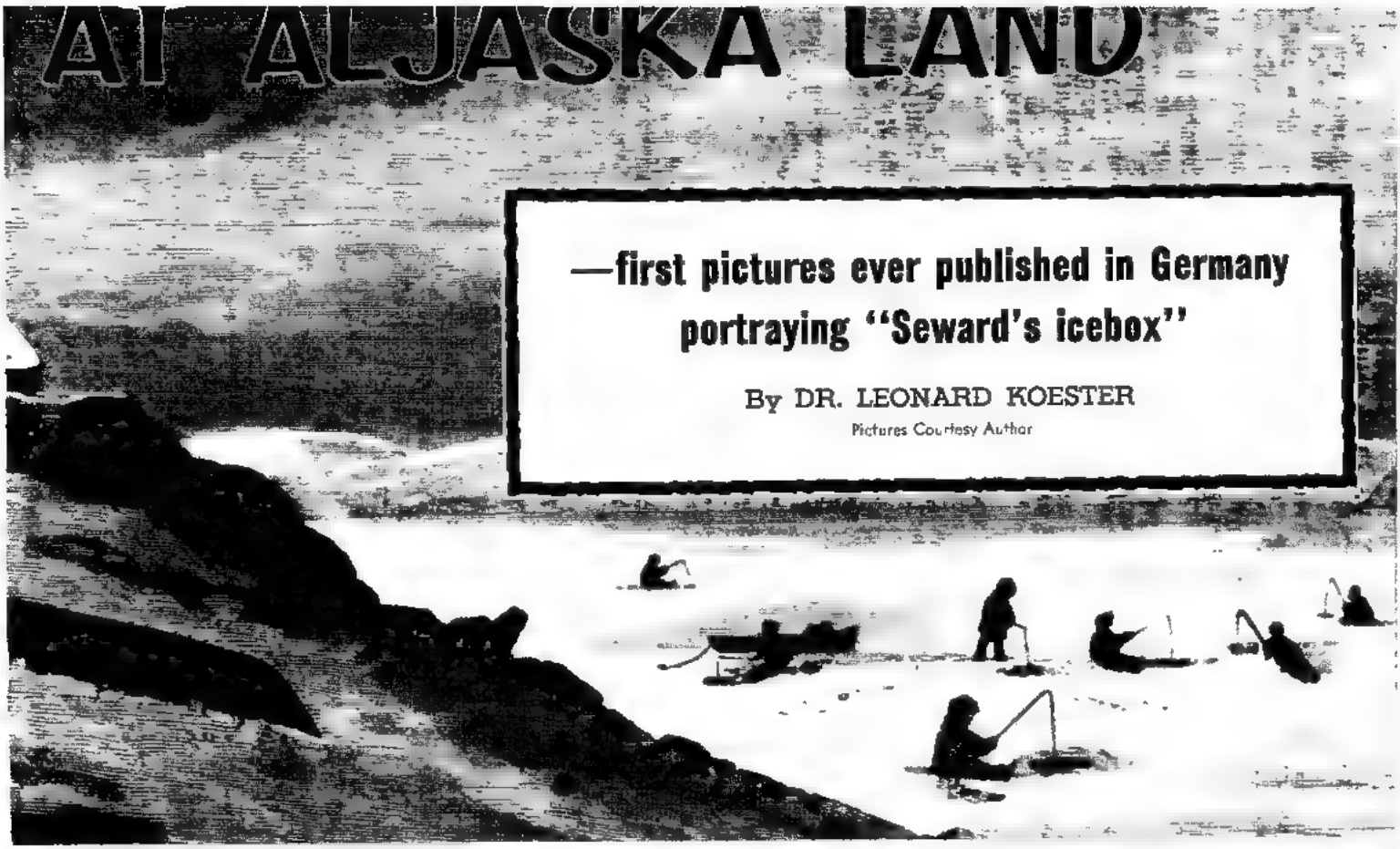
RUSSIA'S misfortune, the eternal handicap for the czars in their cultur-

AI ALJASKA LAND

—first pictures ever published in Germany portraying "Seward's icebox"

By DR. LEONARD KOESTER

Pictures Courtesy Author



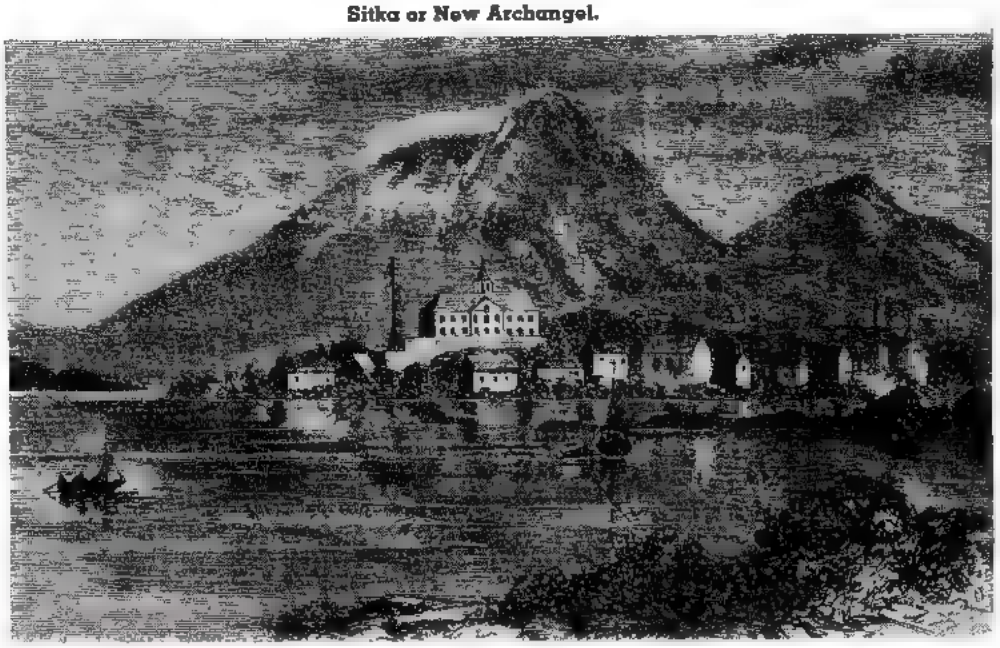
al endeavors, is its magnitude in square miles! Every giant is clumsy and slow, and Russia is a giant in the superlative. While its feet are resting on the Black Sea amid myrtle and roses, its icy gray head reaches up into the dismal, eternally wintry Polar Sea. A normal circulation of healthy blood through the entire body and a fresh, regular pulsebeat can hardly be possible. The discomfort was not to be avoided . . . so the giant shook and trembled—and he was so happy to cast off one of his most aching, constantly frozen limbs: his possesions in Northwest America—Aljaska Land. So-called Russian America has ceased. For seven million dollars it came into possession of the United States.

Russian North America is in its interior still rather unknown. It extends from forty-five degrees northern latitude along the coast up to sixty degrees and toward the north into the Arctic Sea. In the east it is bounded by British North America, the so-called Indian lands, westward by the Sea of Kamchatka and the Bering Strait. The Cordilleras extend into the interior.

Here prevails an almost eternal winter. Only rarely are the coasts free of ice. Of culture and agriculture traces can be found only at the most favorable points. The inhabitants, composed of native Indians and Eskimos, excepting a few Russians and recently Americans, are therefore almost entirely dependent on what nature gives them freewillingly. The chief wealth of the land consists of its fur-bearing animals: otter, foxes, marten, bears, wolves, squirrels—which yield to the spoiled children of fortune on the whole globe the famous Russian pelage. Also of edible animals there is no lack. Here there are reindeer with the most delectable tongues, elk, stags, rabbits, and—tender mice. For the kitchen there are swimming in the rivers and bays salmon, cod, flounder, crabs, sepia (inkfish), and for the big copper lamps, which burn in the huts day and night for lighting, heating and cooking, whales and seals with their abundant fat and oil. The many large and small aquatic birds on the seacoasts are as good as a well provided chicken house; they give eggs and fowl in quantity and do not need to be fed. With vegetation, however, it is quite difficult. Besides dwarf willows and other miniature trees the frigid soil yields in the few summer months all kinds of berries, wild roots and herbs, which are carefully collected by the settlers and are applied with much success as the only remedy against the devastating scurvy. The mineral wealth, hard

(Continued on page 68)

Sitka or New Archangel.



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Quicksand

(Continued from page 23)

begin sinking. A mule's native intelligence comes to its rescue in quicksand. It merely drops on its belly, with its feet tucked under its body. In this position it will not sink, and if relieved of its burden, will get out by itself.

Cattle may seem to be the calmest of beasts, but they invariably panic in quicksand. There is only one way to save such an animal in this predicament—tie a rope around its horns or neck and pull it out very slowly, with a dependable team or a tractor. But be careful when the rescue has been completed—a cow is a most ungrateful beast and is likely to show her gratitude by charging her rescuer. An animal that has already sunk to its neck is beyond saving, and should be mercifully put to death to spare it an agonizing ordeal.

Before his death, Gerard H. Matthes of the U. S. Geological Survey was probably the leading quicksand expert in this country. "Anyone who ever steps off the pavement should know about quicksand," he was fond of saying to Boy Scout troops, hiking clubs, farm groups and others who frequently ventured into the wilds.

His admonition came from years of experience. The nature of his work was such that he spent much time exploring primitive areas and on several occasions he sank into quicksand pits. Each time he managed to escape, although he had several close calls. Once in Colorado he walked into a quicksand bog in the morning and when he finally managed to extricate himself the sun was just going down. It had taken him eight hours to travel the ten feet to safety.

Few people realize how common quicksand is. It is likely to be found in every state in the nation. And not all of it is on the surface. For instance, the new $100 million Chase Manhattan Bank building, erected in the center of New York City, rests partly on quicksand which appeared when the foundation hole had been excavated to a depth of sixty feet. Through a new process, the quicksand was solidified with chemicals to support the thousands of tons of concrete and steel rising about it.

When working in a quicksand area, contractors can never be certain what will turn up. In Providence, Rhode Island, workmen left a pump running over a weekend to remove quicksand from a sewer excavation. When the men returned on Monday, a nearby forest had sunk several feet.

Until World War II, very few real facts were known about the phenomenon of quicksand. During the previous century, numerous theories had been advanced about its cause, but no serious study was made of the problem until troops and equipment began to bog down in parts of Germany where the soil was unstable and quicksand was prevalent. Some of America's best scientists were to determine why some sands act the way they do.

It took more work than anyone expected, but they finally got the answer: Quicksand is not formed because the grains of sand are round, as one theory had proposed; nor are the grains lubricated in some mysterious way which keeps them from being stable. The fact that water is present has no bearing either. But if the water is flowing through the sand upward, as from a spring, it forces the grains apart slightly, thereby making the sand mass swell. The grains, suspended and frictionless, will not support a weight, and any object placed on the surface at once begins to sink. The sand has become "quick."

If you are ever unfortunate enough to step into a quicksand pit, perhaps you will be lucky and find it to be shallow. In this event, you will only sink until your feet touch solid soil, then you can wade out. But some quicksand areas have tremendous depth. This was well illustrated on the night of May 21, 1878.

A flash flood ripped loose a wooden trestle on the Kansas Pacific line at Kiowa Creek, just east of Denver, and a freight train plunged into the churning maelstrom.

When the water had run out of the normally dry creek bed, giant railroad cranes pulled the cars out, one by one. The locomotive, however, had disappeared and workmen probed the sands of Kiowa Creek to a depth of fifty feet but never found a trace of it.

It had simply disappeared—all 200 tons of it—sunk in quicksand.—Courtesy *National Wildlife* published by National Wildlife Federation.

Noisy, Sinful Goldfield

(Continued from page 15)

knew such a man that well?" I asked.

"When a gold shipment went from Daddy's bank to the depot for shipment, I was the one who transported it," she replied. "It was always in heavy leather bags which I dragged through town with ropes tied to my saddle-horn. And Jack Davis was always nearby, watching for a possible hold-up. It was one of his jobs."

It is said that a friend of Jack's once asked him why he carried four guns, and he replied, "Well, if I ever got into a mix-up and didn't have my guns and got killed I'd never forgive myself as long as I lived."

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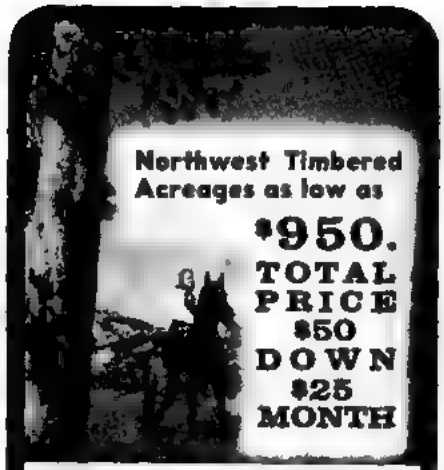

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward.

OUR SOUTHWEST

While the Southwest is a complex entity with a varied ecology and political history, its story has been admirably presented in *Land of Many Frontiers* (Oxford University Press, $7.50) by Odie B. Faulk. The Southwest herein described includes West Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, Southern California, and the southern tips of Nevada, Utah and Colorado. The author develops his thesis under six main headings. The first deals with the Spanish Era, 1519-1821, and includes the golden era of discovery and conquest of Cabeza de Vaca, Coronado, etc., the turbulent settlement attempts and awkward operations and administration. The second considers the Mexican Era, 1821-1849, involving the problem with Anglos, Texas' revolution and the Mexican War. The third phase proceeds with the Consolidation of American Control, 1848-1863; the boundary surveys; Gadsden Treaty; gold rush; surveys and explorations; transportation; and Civil War in the Southwest. Internal Development, 1863-1912, is next covered and involves Indian Wars, railroad construction, mining, ranching, farming and state politics. The Twentieth Century Treatment, 1912-1967, reports on the ups and downs of the oil boom, World War I, agriculture and irrigation, World War II, postwar developments, politics and social and cultural currents. The author covers his field with a proper balance and ends up by criticizing city planners of the Southwest for aping the style of eastern cities instead of maintaining the Indian-Hispanic decor which people want to see in the area.

EAST OF DENVER

Our Side of the Mountain (Mrs. George Mitchell, P. O. Box 357, Strasburg, Colo. 80136, $5.00) by Emma Mitchell is composed of historical briefs concerning the settlement and growth of towns east of Denver, Colorado, 1880-1920. Towns included are Watkins, Bennett, Strasburg, Byers, Deer Trail, Agate, Adena, Simpson, Woodrow, Cabin Creek, Peoria, Leader, Hoyt, Living Springs, Wolf Creek and others. Over 500 people are named and numerous historical pictures illustrate the text. Also included are maps and description of old stage lines as well as general information about people and geography of the area plus a brief description of ranch hands. Copies are available only from the author.

RANGE LIFE

We are pleased to recommend a book for pleasurable family reading called *Venison and a Breath of Sage* (W. T. Genns, Santa Barbara, $7.00) by Edward Selden Spaulding. It has sixteen fictional but credible stories of the people who lived on Rancho San Juan near Santa Barbara, California. Many will find the laughable incidents of ranch life typical of their own experiences and will enjoy the details of cattle ranching, rodeos, wild animal tales, cattle rustling and social life. A key character is old Alfredo, a local oracle, medicine man and *vaquero* who allegedly could ride anything with hair and could rope anything his horse could outrun.

Long out of print, the popular *A Bride Goes West* (University of Nebraska Press, $1.95) by Nannie T. Alderson and Helena Huntington Smith has been reprinted in paperback. It is the story of Nannie Alderson's Montana ranching experiences written by the talented author, Helena Huntington Smith, of *We Pointed Them North* fame. J. Frank Dobie considered the book "one of the two best books pertaining to ranch life by women with a woman's point of view dominating." A West Virginia aristocrat, Nannie Alderson found herself poorly trained for life as a bride in a log cabin on her husband's new cattle spread south of Miles City, Montana. She learned how to cook from cowboys, how to wash from neighbors' wives, and picked up the rest by awkward experience. Indians the family befriended, burned their house; then drouth, low prices and blizzards took a heavy toll, but Nannie survived and reared her family, even after her husband was killed by a kicking horse. We give this one high billing.

LAND OF ENCHANTMENT

Ralph Looney's hobby is the ghost towns of New Mexico which he writes about in his new book *Haunted Highways* (Hastings House, $12.95). This is a quality book on slick paper with excellent black and white pictures illustrating the expertly written historical text on each of the twenty-two towns described. A clearly drawn map shows the reader where each place is located. Not all are ghost towns. Lincoln is included and much of the detail centers on Billy the Kid and the Lincoln County War. The chapter on Los Alamos, the den of forty thieves, has some of the bloodiest murderers we've come across in the West. Chapter 21, "The Mark of Pancho Villa," is a sharp tale of Pancho's invasion of Columbus, New Mexico on a dark night in March

1916. A promising, expanding city at the time, it never fully recovered from Villa's attack, which apparently stunted its growth. General "Black Jack" Pershing entered Mexico through Columbus on his wild goose chase after Pancho. The New Mexico legislature created a state park at Columbus and ironically named it *Pancho Villa State Park.*

Those with western interests will find good reading combined with interesting history in *New Mexico's Quest for Statehood 1846-1912* (University of New Mexico Press, $10.00). It took a succession of dedicated statehooders sixty-six years to overcome the obstinate difficulties. Until 1912 many eastern senators and congressmen considered New Mexico Territory incapable of self-rule. Writers such as Mrs. Lew Wallace called New Mexico "an asylum of cutthroats," and tales of Indian uprisings and the Lincoln County War and other deeds appeared to verify such opinions. Causes of delays were numerous and varied and included the

(Continued on page 48)

Three Generations of Lawmen

(Continued from page 9)

and everyone else looked when I drove up to the jail with Jimmy handcuffed. I'll never forget how good I felt, either, to get rid of the prisoner!

"The next morning Sheriff Hackett was over to the meat market about eight o'clock, and he handed me a deputy sheriff's commission, along with my first badge as a lawman. I was a duly appointed officer of the law. Dad and Uncle Jim lectured me pretty hard about the danger of my new job, but underneath I knew they were both bursting their buttons with pride.

"For twelve years I worked for Mr. Cox in the meat market and acted as deputy sheriff at the same time. He was real understanding about me taking off, and always ready to have me come back. We worked out a deal whereby I had a man who would take my place when I was away, so everything worked out fine.

"I HAD AN OLD PISTOL, not much good, when I was appointed deputy, and Dad went out and got me a .44 Special as a present. He told me, 'Never pull this thing unless you are ready to use it. Never let a man know you are afraid no matter how tight the situation. If an outlaw knows you are afraid, you are at a disadvantage and you're sure as shooting going to have an escape attempt before you get him in.' I still have that old .44 Special along with the Spanish money belt Dad gave me, and a Winchester I bought. I am a better shot with a Winchester than a short gun. Dad was a better pistol shot and so was Uncle Jim so we three made a pretty good team. Dad was Deputy U. S. Marshal serving under U. S. Marshal Coontz of El Reno, Oklahoma. So was my uncle.

"I remember as if it were yesterday that it was just one week from the day I brought Jimmy in that I got my second assignment. Two hardcases—and I do mean hardcases—were known to be in the county. They were suspected of hid-

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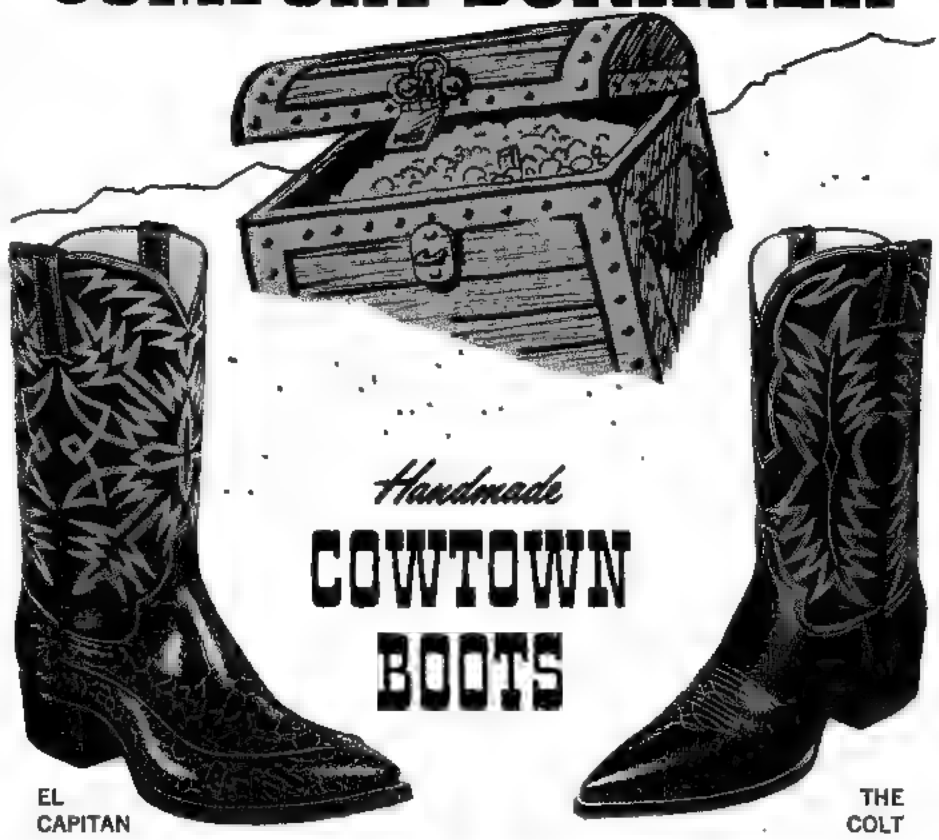

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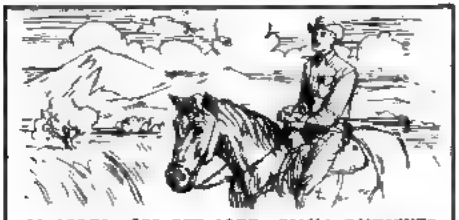

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ing out near the post office called Eda. It is gone now, but was just one mile west of the present little town of Piedmont.

"The postmaster at Eda was suspected of being too friendly with the wanted men, and whether he was, or was just too talkative, we never knew. What we did know was that he told the two outlaws Dad had been in town, and they knew well enough Dad was probably hunting them. After the news was out that he was in the territory Dad just came on back home knowing there was no use to hang around when they knew he was there.

"These men were bad. I've often thought Ed Martin, who was one of the wanted men, was much like Cherokee Bill. He liked to kill. There were six federal warrants out for him—all for murder. The other outlaw was named Holcolm, and there were five warrants out for Holcolm.

"Dad came back to Yukon, and he and my uncle and I sat up way late that night planning out how to arrest the two men. Dad borrowed a neighbor's team and a surrey with side curtains. The strange team would not give us away; and the side curtains, presumably up to protect us from the stifling dust of that hot dry summer, were in reality to keep the local folks—especially the postmaster—from getting a good look at us. Dad and Uncle were riding in the front seat of the surrey with Uncle driving, and I was in the back seat with my Winchester.

"Then one of those once-in-a-lifetime things happened. We saw the two wanted men come riding down the road toward us about a mile out of Eda. Their ponies were hot, tired, and dusty. The men, too, looked hot and tired. Just before they met us, Ed Martin lifted a red bandana from his neck and wiped dust and sweat from his face and eyes. They pulled to a halt before us and Holcolm asked if we knew anyone who needed harvest hands, that they were looking for work.

"'No,' Dad answered, 'but I know someone who's looking for you. You are under arrest. We are U. S. Marshals.'

"Before Dad finished, of course, Uncle Jim had his six-shooter on the two, and my Winchester was also on them. Martin went for his gun. Dad went for his, and for the only time in his long career as an officer his gun hung in the holster. He never got it out at all. It was good I had the Winchester looking over his shoulder. As Martin's gun slid from the holster my bullet took it flying out of his hand, and took a piece of the holster along with it. That Winchester shot saved the day.

"They threw up their hands, and were soon in handcuffs and riding their horses in front of the surrey—handcuffed to the saddlehorns and lariat tied from their horses' necks to the neckyoke of the buggy. We rode back the several miles to Yukon in this style and put the prisoners in the little Yukon jail for the night.

"WE SAT UP in shifts—Uncle Jim, Sheriff Hackett, and I—never closing our eyes for a moment all night because we well knew these were desperate men. Sheriff Hackett sent Dad home to get some sleep for he still was not very well and had never been cured of the gravel stones. This trouble later caused his death.

"Next morning we again handcuffed the prisoners to the saddle horns, and once again tied the saddle horses to the neckyoke of the buggy and made the drive over to El Reno where we turned the men over to U. S. Marshal Coontz. We had been uneasy that the men would escape from the little jail in Yukon, but felt safe once they were behind bars at El Reno. As Dad always said, 'Never trust anything or anyone when dealing with desperate men. Act as if you were being betrayed by your best friend, and you'll stay alive. Get careless, and you'll die!'

"Next morning we got the news at Yukon. Ed Martin had escaped. He had pried the bars from his cell window some way, and slipped through. When Holcolm tried it, he stuck fast. He was a bigger man than Martin, and when the jailer found Holcolm he was about halfway out that little window and skinned up like a twisted rabbit, but still stuck fast.

"The jailor called the officers, who came and pulled Holcolm from the window and used no mercy in doing it. Dad was mad as a hornet at the abuse they had heaped on the prisoner. He was literally skinned alive. Right there I got my second lecture. 'Never abuse a prisoner. Never!' Dad commanded. 'If you were locked up in jail, you'd try to escape just like they did. If I were in charge they'd lose their commissions before the sun set.'

"Marshal Coontz felt the same way and there were two or three less deputy sheriffs around El Reno for a while. Later we happened to be walking down the street in El Reno and met one of the former deputies who had mistreated Holcolm, and Dad turned his head away in disgust from his former associate.

"Ed Martin got away, as I said, but he never got far. He scouted around through the North Canadian bottoms and worked his way over to Oklahoma City. He was looking for a horse he could steal to make his getaway. Failing to find one he stopped an old man and his wife who were driving along in a buggy just at the west edge of the city, and forcing the old man over he took the reins and started driving bold as you please right down the main road. The marshal over there saw him and recognized him. He knew the old man and his wife also and, sizing up the situation in a glance, knew if he tried to take Martin the old folks would get hurt or killed. He did the only thing he could do. Riding his saddle pony close beside the buggy he took careful aim and shot Ed Martin dead.

"IT WENT like this all through the early days of Oklahoma statehood. There didn't seem to be much change from the wild old times of Indian Territory troubles—at least in the way of law enforcement. When I look back over

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seventy-three years of carrying a badge, I find it hard to say when the change began. I really believe it was so gradual that we were unaware of it. It all fades into a kaleidoscope of warrants, arrests, searching river bottoms, prairies, streets and valleys for law violators. There were so many—so many!"

Roy Johnston's eyes grew dim and he seemed to go away from me, far back into the swirling mists of memory. Quietly we sat there in the immaculate living room of his home where he lives alone since the death of his wife, except for occasional visits from his children.

"Mr. Johnston," I broke in at last, "do you remember the most narrow escape you ever had?"

"Oh yes," he answered, and his eyes became keen and bright once more. "Yes, that's easy. I have had a good many bullets whiz past me, and heard the snip-snip like buzzing hornets as they cut the bushes about me, but my closest call came when I took a man in for killing a neighbor. I never drew my gun in the whole process, but I came very, very close to death in the shape of a sawed-off, double-barrel shotgun loaded with buckshot.

"This was in the 1920s. I was in Geary on business and the sheriff there gave me a warrant and sent me out to arrest a farmer. A man had just ridden in to tell the sheriff that a dead man was lying in the road out by Tusing Bridge, a short way from Geary.

"Seemed that the two neighbors had got into a fence fight. One had a breechy cow that kept getting over the fence to the other's corn. After complaining several times the owner of the corn had warned his neighbor he was going to shoot the cow the next time she got into the patch. The owner of the cow told the other fellow to fix his old fence and it would keep out livestock. As a result both men started carrying guns. If they went to their fields to plow they carried a gun. If they went to town or just to the barn to feed the stock the guns went along. Anyone could see trouble was in the making.

"The one farmer patched up his fence a little, and the other one put a forked neckstick on the cow, but one morning there was the old cow eating away at the farmer's corn. Grabbing a shotgun the farmer jumped on his horse and hurried down to the corn field to shoot the cow. The cow's owner had missed the cow, and he too jumped on his saddle horse and rushed off down the lane, feeling sure he'd find her in his neighbor's corn. Well, the two men met right where the old cow had torn through the fence. Loud talking and abusive language had the saddle ponies nervous, and just as both men went for their guns the ponies reared—at least one did—and the owner of the cow fell off his horse dead. Riddled with a double load of buckshot, he died with his .45 still grasped in his hand.

"When I got out there he was stiff. The flies were swarming and the sun was hot, but that old .45 was still gripped tight. I'd taken a man and buggy along, and he loaded the dead man in the buggy and started to Geary to the undertaker, and I went on to the home of the neighbor. I had driven a buggy, too, as I would need some way to take the man in if I got him.

"When I rode up to the house the man was sitting on the porch, with an old sawed-off shotgun staring me square between the eyes. I walked up to the gate and started to open it.

" 'You a lawman?' the farmer asked.

" 'Yes, I'm a lawman.'

" 'Then stay where you are,' he commanded.

"Right here I thought of what Dad had said about never letting a man know you were afraid. 'I want to talk to you a bit,' I answered.

" 'I said stay there,' he repeated nervously, rising to his feet and taking a firmer grip on the shotgun.

" 'Brown, I've got to talk to you,' I said. I watched him closely and I saw the telltale widening of his eyes and the whitening of his trigger finger. I stopped quick!

" 'Brown, I'd like to help you if I can. If you kill me, there will be a dozen lawmen here before dark—from Geary, El Reno, and Oklahoma City. Now you know that just as well as I do.' I saw a shadow of fear cross his face, and the trigger finger relaxed. Once again I started walking over to him.

" 'Sit down, fellow, and let's talk this over,' I said calmly.

"I had not offered to touch my old .44 Special for I knew it would bring a full double load of buckshot. I sat down on

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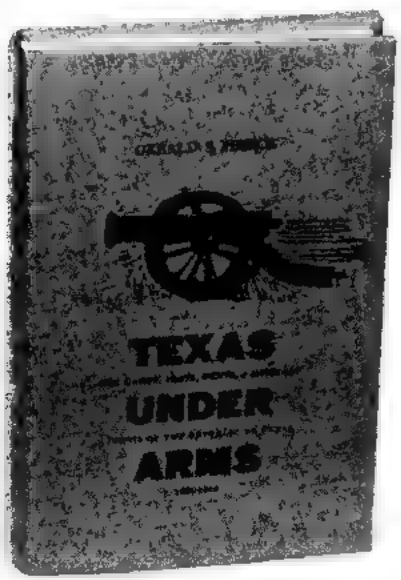

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the edge of the porch, pulled off my hat, and wiped the perspiration from the sweatband and from my face. 'Hot as hell,' I muttered.

"By now Mrs. Brown was standing in the front door. I turned to her asking, 'Could I have a dipper of water, please?' Without a word she carried out an old cedar waterbucket with a big gourd dipper in it and I drank a dipperful.

"Somehow, I convinced Brown to go in peacefully with me. He unloaded the shotgun and handed it to his wife. No handcuffs, no guns, no nothing. Just like two friends riding into town together. Going to the sheriff's office I assured him there had been no trouble.

"'Brown's tired, and he just wants to rest now,' I told the sheriff, and we shooed away the little group of men and boys who had gathered around. Brown thanked me and went quietly into the cell. He kept saying over and over, 'He made me do it. He made me do it.'

"That was the closest call.

"I GUESS the next closest was over a crazy kid about eighteen who was helping his dad and a bunch of older brothers make moonshine whiskey over in the Canadian bottoms just east of Union City. That was in 1921, I think.

"The old man had never done much of anything except make moonshine, and he had all his boys helping him. We had destroyed a couple of stills we'd found in the thick bottoms before but never managed to find anyone working them. Now we went out to find another one, and I almost got a rifle bullet through my head.

"Someone had tipped us off as to where the still was located and we hoped to catch the moonshiners at work, but when we got to the still they were gone. A lookout had spotted us slipping through the bottom. The still was working, and there was several barrels of mash ready to go, along with half a keg of moonshine. We poured out the mash, and destroyed the still. The law said we must bring in the copper worm as evidence, so along with the worm we took the half-keg of moonshine and some other stuff.

"Just as we left the thick woods to go out into the road, a .44 Winchester bullet came so close to my head that I instinctively brushed at my face with my hand like you'll brush a hornet or honeybee away from you. I knew it was a mighty deadly hornet that had whizzed by my ear, and the next one came even closer. One bullet left a small round hole through my hat, and another grazed my earlobe. There were four shots in all. Everyone of us took cover at the first shot, and when the firing ceased and we started to get up, we saw the youngest of the boys running across a little open place headed for the barn. All of us recognized him.

"I went into town, got a warrant for the kid, and went back looking for him. I knew he would be scared and watching the road, so I went in by the back way. I slipped along through the thick brush behind the barn until I got to where I could watch the house. I lay there a couple of hours, I guess, while the mosquitoes and greenhead flies had a good

Two lawmen who often rode with the Johnstons, Sheriff Wade Whitlock (right) and Deputy Hudepath. El Reno, 1896.

meal off me, and just as the insects were about to force me away, I saw a sort of movement just out of the corner of my eye. Away over to the left of the barn in a small plum thicket near the road, I saw movement. It was the kid and he, too, was slapping at the flies and mosquitoes. I started creeping up on him, and it was slow business for he held that deadly .44 cradled in his arms. I already knew he was a mighty good shot!

"It took me about thirty minutes, but finally I was close enough and, rising up out of the weeds, I took a bead dead center on his back. 'Turn around, kid!'

"He froze for an instant and I told him, 'Drop it or you're dead.' Again he hesitated and I thought he was going to make a try for it but at the last moment he let go the Winchester and heaved a big sigh as he turned to face me. I couldn't help feeling sorry for the boy. He had never had a chance. Moonshining was a way of life to him.

"Funny thing about that case. That kid got off scot-free. His whole family had been down with chills and malaria fever, living as they did in the bottoms of the North Canadian River and no screens on the house. They kept pans of old rags burning to try to smoke off the mosquitoes but were always eaten up with bites, and always chilling from early spring till hard frosts came in the fall to kill off the pests.

"Doc Richeson had been out taking care of the family for months and they were deeply in debt to him. When the kid came to trial, Doc went on the stand and swore he was a mental case. The charges were dropped. Later I took Doc to task about this, and here's what he told me. 'Roy, I know the kid had good sense. I also know they owe me over $600, and I know that I had a choice. I could refuse to testify and lose that $600 which I need, or I could say the boy was mentally off, and the old man would pay me. I needed

I PROHIB

that money, Roy.' So that is the way justice sometimes works.

"THERE WERE FIVE saloons in Yukon when I moved there into the little two-room house. There was one drug store. Later C. N. Jeffries put in a second drug store. There were two general stores and a pool hall. There was one barbershop, and I remember my first shave and haircut there. In sort of celebrating my appointment as a lawman, my cousin and I got all togged out in our Sunday best and drove the surrey over to Oklahoma City where we had our pictures made.

"That old barbershop had a line of shaving mugs lined up on a shelf, with the names of their owners on them. You see, we were getting 'hep' to germs even then and it was not considered sanitary to use the mug and brush of someone else. The barber used one razor—and one linen towel over and over until it was too wet or dirty to manage—but we must still have our own mugs and brushes. It was the mark of a man. Later my mug joined those of my dad and Uncle Jim on the shelf. That was a real proud day for me.

"Another big day in my life also happened in the little barbershop. United States Marshal Heck Thomas, one of the great ones, spent the night in our little house, and the next morning I walked with him over to the barbershop. As casually as I could, I told the barber, 'Charley, this is U. S. Marshal Heck Thomas. Use my brush and mug to give him a shave.' I tossed a quarter on the counter in payment and felt ten feet tall.

"The slackening off of my active years came so gradually that I never noticed until one morning I awoke to find myself fifty, then sixty, then seventy-five years old. Now I'm crowding a hundred and my active days are over, but as you have seen (the phone had rung three times during our interview), I am still trying to be useful."

The sheriff had called once and a young deputy the other two times, wanting to know how to find a certain person or whom to see who would know where he was.

"I've been here so long that I guess I am sort of a walking encyclopedia on the folks in the Yukon country. My old .44 Special that Dad gave me seventy-three years ago hangs on its nail along with the belt. And over there in that room are Dad's old branding irons, and beside them the old Dutch oven we used beside the trail to Liberal, Kansas when we hauled buffalo bones. They, like me, have served their time."

The Fine Art of Ignoring Trouble

(Continued from page 29)

of big four- and five-year-old steers to Chicago, taking along ten or fifteen of his cowpokes to care for the cattle en route. A shipper could take a man for each two cars of stock and obtain a free pass, day coach, home.

This, by the way, is how the name "cowpoke or cow puncher" originated.

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Each man accompanying the shipment would take with him a long rake handle or long willow pole and every time the train stopped the men would get out and walk along the side or on top of the train and go along as far as the stop would permit before pulling out. As they walked along, they peered through the slat openings in the cattle cars and if they saw a critter down resting or for any reason whatever, they poked him with the pole until he got on his feet. If one is down and the train starts with a jerk, as those long trains must do in taking up the slack, the rest will pile and fall over him causing much damage and death loss. Thus, the name cowpoke originated.

Usually when these wild men of the range got to Chicago, they stayed over a few days and took in the sights. They usually shipped their best clothes ahead to the Stock Yards Inn, Chicago, so they could clean up and appear somewhat respectable. About ten days would be required in making the trip from Montana to Chicago and no chance to wash up on the way. They took along a grub box full of baked ham, bread, coffee, etc. to tide them over until destination.

Two Dot partook of the food, but he never changed clothes after he got to Chicago. His greatest ambition was to get back home again and to work. On this particular trip, the train and crew had reached Chicago. The boys were dolled up in their brand new overalls and boots and were taking in the town. Two Dot went along, in his old rags, but his greatest thrill seemed to be window gazing, thus he didn't make the fast progress along the street that the cowpokes did, so they decided to frame him and have some fun. They were rather anxious to get away from him anyway, as they didn't like the glances the general public was giving Two Dot. He looked terrible and smelled much worse.

The boys hailed a policeman and told him to pick up the "old vag" that was following them. The cop was glad to oblige, and calling a wagon, took Two Dot to the clink and booked him for vagrancy. Poor Two Dot, not knowing why he was apprehended, asked to use the telephone.

"Oh, sure," said the cop, "I presume you want to call the President in Washington."

"No," Two Dot replied, "I want to call the president of the First National Bank."

That seemed just as ridiculous, but he produced enough cash to pay for the call, so they put the call through for him.

"Hello," said Two Dot. "Is this Mr. So and So?"

"Yes," came the reply.

"Well, this is Two Dot Wilson from Montana."

"Well hello, Two Dot, how are you and where are you?"

"I'm down here somewhere in jail," said Two Dot, "and I don't know what for, or how much it will take to get me out, but bring down $100,000 in cash out of my account. Maybe that will do the business."

One of the cops was listening on another line and things began to move around the jailhouse. Two Dot was released without the use of the $100,000, and, thanking the policeman, walked leisurely up the street. As far as I know, he never knew why he was picked up. I'll venture a guess that none of those cowpokes ever gave the secret away, because in those days a job meant something and winter was approaching.

TWO OF Two Dot's neighbors got tangled up in a dispute which wound up in court. The case was set for trial and both sides issued a subpoena for Two Dot. He was friendly to both and did not wish in any way to become involved in the controversy. Yet he had to testify. Each lawyer, plaintiff's and defendant's, had him on the stand for a day and he answered each question with utmost promptness and frankness, yet at the conclusion of his answers he had said absolutely nothing.

Finally one lawyer, in desperation and with steam coming out of his collar, said, "Mr. Wilson, you are a cowman, are you not?"

"Yes," said Two Dot, "I suppose I am. I raise cows."

"Now," said the lawyer, "if you were to take a trail herd of a thousand big steers across this big barren plateau north of Harlowton, and it became night and pitch dark engulfed you, wouldn't you bed those cattle down and wait for daylight?"

"Yes," said Two Dot, "I would if I could."

Question: "And if you did bed them down, and during the night a terrific northern blizzard came up, the thermometer fell to forty below zero in a few hours and the wind was blowing from the north at forty miles an hour, what would happen to those steers? They would begin to drift, would they not?"

"Yes," said Two Dot, "they most likely would."

"And," said the lawyer, "being a cowman you know which way they would drift, don't you?"

"Yes," said Two Dot.

The lawyer clasped his hands in glee, feeling that he had squeezed the truth, or at least substantial fact, out of him. "Well now, Mr. Wilson, that is just what I have been trying to get you to tell me for two days. Which way would they drift?"

Two Dot looked him squarely in the eye and said, "In all probability, they might drift just the opposite way from what you might think they might." The lawyer weakly sat down and said, "You are excused."

Two Dot had gone through two full days of grueling questioning by a battery of the best lawyers in the state and had not once become confused, embarrassed or ruffled. When he was excused, he calmly walked out of the courthouse without glancing to one side or the other; no doubt his thoughts were on his thousands of cattle and the many chores yet undone.

—Taken from *Devil Man with a Gun* by Art H. Watson.

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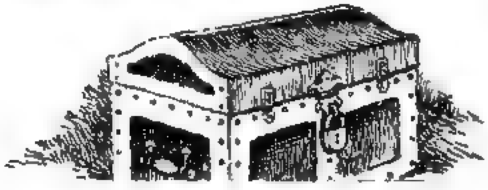

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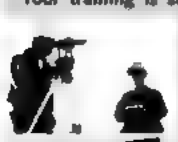

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Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 41)

Texas claim to part of eastern New Mexico; conniving local partisans who believed their self interest would deteriorate under statehood; easterners who believed New Mexico incapable of financing its own state government, thereby creating a drain on the national treasury; the patronage swapping among politicos which added further hindrance to statehood movements. Finally, persistent New Mexicans countered all objections and won out in 1912. In telling New Mexico's story the author has revealed an interesting chronology of events which include facts about the lives of robust pioneer military men, administrators, stockmen, politicians, do-gooders, grafters, outlaws, industrialists, miners, educators, religious leaders and other participants in the local scene. Very good.

GOOD EATIN'

Those who enjoy rare dishes will want to own a copy of *A Basque Story Cook Book* (Scribner's, $6.95) by Ann Rogers. Living between Spain and France in the Pyrenees Mountains, the Basques have a cuisine uniquely their own. This book tells the story of a Basque family in San Francisco who successfully ran a hotel and restaurant where they served old country cooking to Basque miners, sheepherders, and numerous admiring Americans. In 1907, Basque immigrant Martin Abaurrea took his recently earned mining wages and bought a small waterfront hotel and made an instant success selling Basque food. He sent for his childhood sweetheart and together they bought the larger Martin's Espanol which they operated until illness forced them to retire in 1966. Through researches at Martin's and in the native Basque country, Ann Rogers obtained the 160 recipes included in this book. Those of us who ate at Martin's remember his generous servings and there were numerous choices of soups and stews from meat and fish, various egg dishes, lamb, pork, veal, pastries, creams and custards.

The Myth of Deadwood Dick

(Continued from page 11)

humor and suspense.

Until the appearance of Wheeler's first story in this series, there had been no general publicizing of anyone called Deadwood Dick. One man in the mining town had been called by that name, but only briefly and locally. He was Dick Brown, a handsome entertainer with a black mustache and goatee who had come from Cheyenne. He sang and played the banjo at the Melodeon saloon and gambling hall, where he usually was better known as Banjo Dick. Before long he fled Deadwood after killing a former lover of his sweetheart and pianist, Fanny Garrettson.

THERE IS A STRONG presumption that Wheeler drew only from his own imagination for the name of his favorite character. To learn what his most popular fictional character was like, we need only to turn to the opening pages of the initial story in the series. It is called "Deadwood Dick, or the Prince of the Road; or The Black Rider of the Black Hills." It begins by quoting a placard tacked on a pine tree in the mining area: "$500 Reward: For the apprehension and arrest of a notorious young desperado who hails to the name of Deadwood Dick. His present whereabouts are somewhat contiguous to the Black Hills. For further information apply immediately to Hugh Vansevere at the Metropolitan Saloon, Deadwood City."

Wheeler goes on to describe Deadwood as a booming mining town of 2,500, most of its people living in tents and shanties strung along the gulch. Its saloons and dance halls, he notes, are crowded at all hours. Then he returns to the cardboard on the pine tree.

A horseman riding north through Custer Gulch, he continues, "noticed the placard so prominently posted for public inspection, and, with a low whistle, wheeled his horse out of the stage road and rode over to the foot of the tree and ran his eyes over the few irregularly written lines.

"He was a youth of an age between sixteen and twenty, trim and compactly built, with a preponderance of muscular development and animal spirits; broad and deep of chest, with square, iron-cast shoulders, limbs small yet like bars of steel, and with a grace of position in the saddle rarely equaled, he made a fine picture for an artist's brush or a poet's pen.

"Only one thing marred the captivating beauty of the picture. His form was clothed in a tight-fitting habit of buckskin, which was colored jet black and presented a striking contrast to anything one sees as a garment in the wild Far West. And this was not all, either. A broad black hat slouched down over his eyes; he wore a thin black veil over the upper part of his face, through the eye-holes of which gleamed a pair of orbs of piercing intensity; and his hands, large and knotted, were hidden in a pair of gloves of a lighter color.

"The Black Rider he might have been justly termed, for his Thoroughbred steed was as black as coal; but we have not seen fit to call him such—his name is Deadwood Dick."

The Wheeler stories about Deadwood Dick were greeted with such enthusiasm that in 1880 the author wrote a play called "Deadwood Dick, a Road Agent, A Drama of the Gold Mines," which had a short run and later was revived in New York. The popularity of the paperback novelettes on Deadwood Dick was such that after Dick was killed in the thirty-third and final issue, which came out October 20, 1885, reader demand led the publishers to start a new series on Deadwood Dick, Jr.

The new junior series began January 19, 1886; but, although they carried the byline of Edward L. Wheeler, they were not written by him. Wheeler had died, probably late in 1885, about the time his fictional hero was allowed to expire. The publishers, apparently wishing to capitalize on his name, made no public mention of his death but hired a ghost writer for

the new series. Although the stories about Deadwood Dick, Jr., were less well written than the earlier series, they were in such strong demand that they were continued into 1897, running through ninety-seven numbers, or nearly three times those on the original hero.

SOON AFTER Wheeler's Deadwood Dick stories began to appear in 1877, they became so popular and were so convincing that many readers assumed that there must have been a real Deadwood Dick on whom they were patterned. And despite the fact that the fictional character was a desperado, at least six men came forward to claim the title. One of them was Dick Cole, a stagecoach driver often referred to as Little Dick. He wanted to be called Deadwood Dick but the name did not stick since he was not widely known in the Black Hills.

Another who called himself Deadwood Dick was Richard F. Palmer, about whom almost nothing is known. He died in Cripple Creek, Colorado, May 31, 1906.

Still another who was called Deadwood Dick briefly was Robert Dickey, who stood more than six feet in his deerskin moccasins and let his tawny hair fall to his shoulders. He claimed to have served in the Pennsylvania cavalry in the Civil War and to have battled Indians after the war under Gen. George Crook and Gen. Alfred H. Terry. Later he was an Indian agent and for a time went into the fur business. After the slaughter of the buffalo herds, he gathered bones from the plains. Finally he became a drifter and was arrested for vagrancy in Denver in May, 1911. He died in the jail hospital there early in 1912, aged more than seventy.

A fourth claim to the nickname after it had been made popular by Wheeler was Richard Bullock of Lead City, a fearless stagecoach messenger who guarded bullion being shipped to the railroad. Later he moved to Los Angeles and was reported to have died in a Glendale hospital on February 7, 1919, at the age of seventy-five.

A fifth claimant to the title was a Negro, Nat Love, whose book, *The Life and Adventures of Nat Love, Better Known in the Cattle Country as "Deadwood Dick,"* was published in Los Angeles in 1907. The book is packed with factual errors. Ramon F. Adams, the widely known writer on cowboy life, commented that, although Love claimed to be writing about his own experiences, he had "either a bad memory or a good imagination."

The sixth of those who posed as the original of Wheeler's fictitious Deadwood Dick, and the one who received the most public attention, was Richard Clarke, whose last name sometimes is spelled with a final "e" and sometimes without it.

Information about Clarke is fragmentary and often contradictory. John S. McClintock, a Black Hills pioneer who knew him, wrote that Clarke was born in 1848 and reared in Waterford, Ireland. A newspaper obituary sent out from Deadwood just after the death of Clarke said

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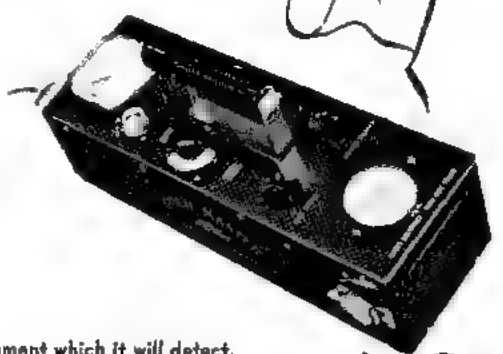

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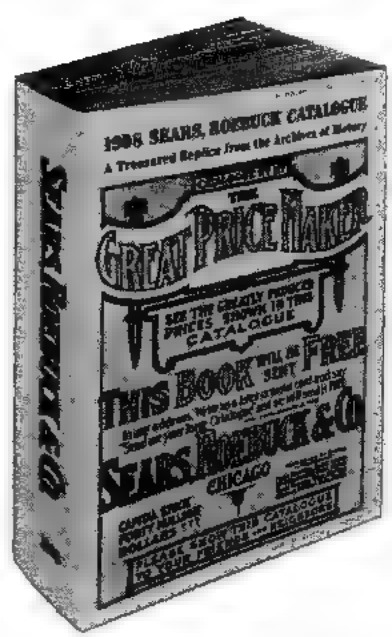
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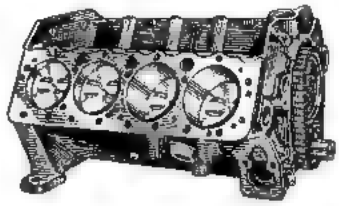

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he was born in Hansborough, England, about 1845. In any case, he came to America as a youth.

When the excitement over the discovery of gold in the Black Hills broke out in the spring of 1876, Clarke joined a party of men who set out from Bismarck for the new diggings. They took with them a small herd of cattle; but on the way the party was attacked by Indians, who severely wounded one of the prospectors and ran off the cattle.

Clarke settled in Crook City for a year or so; later he lived in Whitewood, where he was a section hand for a railroad, and in Lead, where he worked for a livery stable. There is no record that he did any mining or ever drove or robbed a stagecoach or that he was known as Deadwood Dick in the frontier era. His transformation into the embodiment of a myth did not take place until the 1920s when he was a doddering oldster.

JUST WHEN Clarke began to think of himself as Deadwood Dick is uncertain. But in 1924 the Deadwood Chamber of Commerce, to advertise the city, began sponsoring an annual parade called the "Days of '76." In this parade rode various local people decked out in costumes to represent Wild Bill Hickok, Calamity Jane, and other colorful figures who had lived in Deadwood, at least briefly, in the early days.

Either in that year or soon afterward, Clarke, clothed as Deadwood Dick, began riding in the parade, along with the others impersonating frontier celebrities. He wore a long-hair wig, a ten-gallon hat, high boots, and a pseudo-buckskin suit said to have been obtained from a theatrical supply house. A pair of pistols were stuck in his belt. Then, in 1927, when Deadwood people were trying to induce President Calvin Coolidge to spend his vacation in the Black Hills, a publicity man named Bert Bell had the bright idea of sending Clarke, in his frontier regalia, with a personal invitation. This suited the old man fine, and he made the trip, obtaining much publicity in newspaper stories and pictures.

When Clarke returned home he refused to go back to his humdrum life. He appeared to have deluded himself into thinking that he really was Deadwood Dick and that he had experienced all the frontier adventures attributed to him. A pamphlet printed for sale to tourists said he had been born in Cheyenne in 1855 and had been a gold prospector, a scout, and a deputy United States marshal.

Newspaper stories embroidered this account, saying that Clarke had been a trapper, a trader, a fighter with Custer, a guard for treasure coaches, a Pony Express rider, and the hero of many adventures. He began traveling about to appear in frontier festivals and medicine shows. The Deadwood Chamber of Commerce, recognizing his publicity value, built him a summer cabin in Pine Crest Park, where he greeted visitors. In 1929 he claimed that in the winter of 1881-82 he had led a hunting party which had killed more than 2,000 buffaloes on the Yellowstone River.

The real frontiersmen who still survived in the Black Hills scoffed and were unimpressed. John S. McClintock, who had come to the area as a prospector early in 1876 and who for more than thirty years had operated a stage line, wrote that "there was no such character" as Deadwood Dick. He pointed out that Clarke never had lived in Deadwood in the early days, and noted that the real pioneers resented Clarke's efforts to inject himself into Black Hills history.

D. M. McGaghey, Deadwood's archivist, was also bitter about the continued pretending. Clarke, he said to Robert J. Casey, "didn't know which end of a gun to hold away from him when he pulled the trigger." The only thing wrong with Clarke, he added, was that "he was never able to get back to normal after he saw himself in a buckskin suit with a fringe on the top. Of course there never was any Deadwood Dick, either, outside of Wheeler's novels; but we'd talked about him so long that he seemed at least as real as Wild Bill and Sam Bass and Wyatt Earp and other lads who used to hang around here."

Richard Clarke died early in May, 1930, and his funeral drew an enormous crowd. He was buried on the top of a hill with a military salute and taps. His grave is still shown to tourists as that of Deadwood Dick. Thus was enshrined a popular legend. As the *South Dakota Guide* notes, "whether the occupant of the grave of Deadwood Dick is the original of that name is beside the point."

Thus grew the myth of Deadwood Dick—starting with pure fiction and feeding on human credulity that was determined to have a hero, even though supported only by the flimsiest and most incredible play-acting.

Nuggets

(Continued from page 35)

Spearing rights were restored to them on federal land.

Lennis Engle no longer fishes, but in his spare time he carries on in the tradition of his father by inventing new tools, several of which he has patented.

DR. DWYER OF RABBIT CREEK

By Blanche E. McGeough

ONE AUGUST AFTERNOON in the year 1856, the good people of Rabbit Creek, Plumas County, California were astonished to see a very strange character approaching down the main street. Leading a heavily laden burro, the small robust man stopped in front of the hotel where a crowd of miners were gathered. The little man informed the group that he was a "Doctor of Medicine and Herbalist" and intended to take up residence at Rabbit Creek. Doc wore a black frock-tail coat, a high silk hat, and displayed across his stomach a heavy gold watch chain. At that time a doctor was much needed, so the men gladly helped him unload his heavy packsacks.

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The test of Doc's ability came about on one November day when four miners brought in a patient whose leg had been badly crushed by falling timber. The miner, carried from a distance over rough terrain, had been liberally plied with liquor every time he opened his mouth in pain. Consequently, Doc—pronouncing the verdict that amputation was necessary—didn't see the necessity of using any of his hard-to-get opiates, being that the patient was already totally unconscious. Dwyer cleared away the rubbish from his table, scrubbed it with lye soap and water, had the cook in the kitchen sterilize the instruments, and went about his work. When the leg had been severed, Dwyer covered the stump with balsam, wrapped it in clean linen and left nature to take its course. In a few weeks the miner was able to be up and about with the aid of a crutch, but Doc didn't consider the job finished to his satisfaction until he had made the miner a new leg. In his spare time he whittled out a presentable "peg" from an oak limb, fitted it with cotton from a hotel comforter, and with a few nails

Only existing photo of Dr. Dwyer.

and thongs, harnessed it to his patient's thigh. It was so successful that the man returned to work. For this bit of extra attention Doc's fame spread far and wide through the mountain region.

Dr. Dwyer lived in the Rabbit Creek neighborhood and ministered to the sick for ten years. When the small mining camps became deserted and the miners left for other parts, Doc followed for a time, here and there. One winter of heavy snows he sickened with pneumonia. Weakened and exhausted by long trips in caring for his patients, he slowly grew worse. His friends cared for him as best they could, but one blustery winter day they dug through snow and frozen ground for a burial site and there they laid him for a long deserved rest.

The grave of Dr. Dwyer is supposed to be in the vicinity of what once was called Thistle Shaft, a point midway between Laporte (called Rabbit Creek in early days) and Gibsonville, now a ghost town The grave has been obliterated by nature, the area entirely overgrown with manzanita and trees, but on the day of Doc's burial his friends erected a wooden headstone on which was printed—"C. Christopher Dwyer, M.D. A good man—a good friend—a damned good doctor."

For some time after Dwyer's death, much speculation arose about his former life. He had always been evasive as to where he had been born, never received or wrote any personal letters, and no one ever saw a diploma attesting to his medical education. The doctor's ability was taken upon faith alone, and there were many who doubted that he was what he claimed to be, yet they had to admit he did have a gift of healing and had come into their lives at a critical time to do honor to the profession, diploma or not. Another mystery which came to light following the doctor's death was that, although the miners had been generous in paying for his services, the deceased died penniless. No one ever found a trace of what had become of his income through the years and probably today it still lies safely hidden on a remote hillside.

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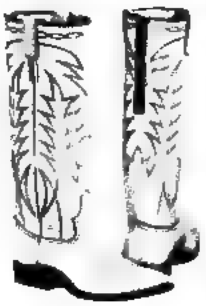

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If you have information concerning persons referred to below, do not write to us. Communicate directly with the letter writer.

Sowers

I would like to contact anyone who might recall these names from the past: Frank and Laura Sowers from Illinois, Tennessee, Oklahoma, and Texas. Their daughter married George Thompson. Their children's names were Soretta (Settie), Patience (Pat), Cecil, Bud, and Hope (Hopey) Thompson. George Thompson had been married before in Texas and I think he had two sons and a daughter. These children had red hair. There was an Uncle Henry MaGinnes and an Aunt Sallie and Aunt Jane. There was also a cousin, Lizzy or Lizzie. This family ran for land in Oklahoma but sold out and left for Oregon between 1905-1910. They left behind many relatives who must have stayed on, lived, died, and been buried there, but there must still be someone left who remembers these names or is related somehow or heard these folks spoken of. Any information anyone can give me will help a great deal.—Mrs. Frances Herren, 2114 S. E. 52nd Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97215

Nevada Rape

I would like to contact any person having knowledge of a certain Mr. Nevada Rape of Wauson, Indian Territory who married Lou Harrison of Boothe in Scott County, Arkansas on September 13, 1900. I also would like to hear from anyone having knowledge of the early settlers of Wauson, Indian Territory. As my grandfather was born in Scott County, Arkansas I am interested in the possibility of his relation to Nevada. I am attempting to trace any known history of the Rape families in the United States. —T/Sgt. John V. Rape, AF19534124. C. M.R. Box 1034, 609 M.A.S. SQ., APO San Francisco 96323

Lusk-Lynch

I hope some of your readers can help me locate Virgia Lusk or L. L. Lynch or one of his sons. They were from Tulsa, Oklahoma when I knew them. L. L. had four sons who would be in their 60s now. When the boys' mother died Lynch put them in the Moose home. Since I never knew the boys I don't remember their names. I lived in Beaumont, Texas when I knew L. L. and Virgia (when she was seventeen or eighteen). The last I heard Virgia and her mother were living in Houston, Texas. I have been trying a long time to find them. L. L. Lynch would be in his late 70s if still alive.—Nell Vandewater Danna, 1125 Pinecrest, Vidor, Texas 77662

George Franklin Hall

I would like to hear from any descendants of my great-grandfather, George Franklin Hall, who was born April 11, 1835 in Akron, Ohio and died and was buried in Texas in 1907—where, I would like to know. He was living with a son, J. H. (Joe) Hall and his wife, Eva. About 1927 they lived at Avery, Texas. Uncle Joe Hall had a daughter named Mae who married a Dunn. I would like to hear from Mae Dunn's daughter, Rebecca, who would be about forty-eight years old now. I don't know her married name or if she is married.—Mrs. Vernon (Paunee Hall) Honley, 612 West 73rd Street, Shreveport, Louisiana 71106

Holloman Family

My grandmother, Mary Olivia Holloman Wood, wife of Green Wilder Wood, was the oldest daughter of David Noah Holloman and Mary Olivia Stevens Holloman. I would like to hear from anyone who knows anything of their lineage. I believe John D. Holloman, who was a calf roper from New Mexico, is a cousin. —Mrs. H. E. Krieg, 911 West 30th, Odessa, Texas 79760

Terry-Chisholm

In 1923-25 I had a couple of buddies at Schofield Barracks, then Territory of Hawaii, and would like very much to know if they are still around. They are Clinton W. Terry of Oneonta, New York who was in the 35th Infantry (I do not remember the company) and Angus Chisholm of Lisbon Falls, Maine. He was in Headquarters Company, 21st Infantry. They would now be about sixty-five to sixty-seven. I would certainly appreciate any information concerning either. I was unable to locate them at above addresses.—Ray C. Thomas, 4552 Sunnyview, N. E., Salem, Oregon 97303

Kunkler-Harmon

I would like to locate a woman whose maiden name is Edith Kunkler, the daughter of Lon and Rose Kunkler who separated and were divorced when she was about two years old. Edith was born in or near Kansas City, Missouri and is probably about sixty now. Rose took Edith after the separation and left for parts unknown. Mary Baldwin was the maiden name of the mother of Edith's father, Lon. He later remarried and this union brought forth six living children of whom my mother is the youngest. Lon also had a younger brother, Samuel, who died in infancy, and two half-brothers whose last name was Teeters.

My paternal grandfather was Perry Harmon, born in Decatur, Illinois, date unknown. He married Nancy Thomas who died of scarlet fever, and later on he married my grandmother Bessie Letha Monroe. Of this union three children were born. He had some sisters and brothers

(Continued on page 59)

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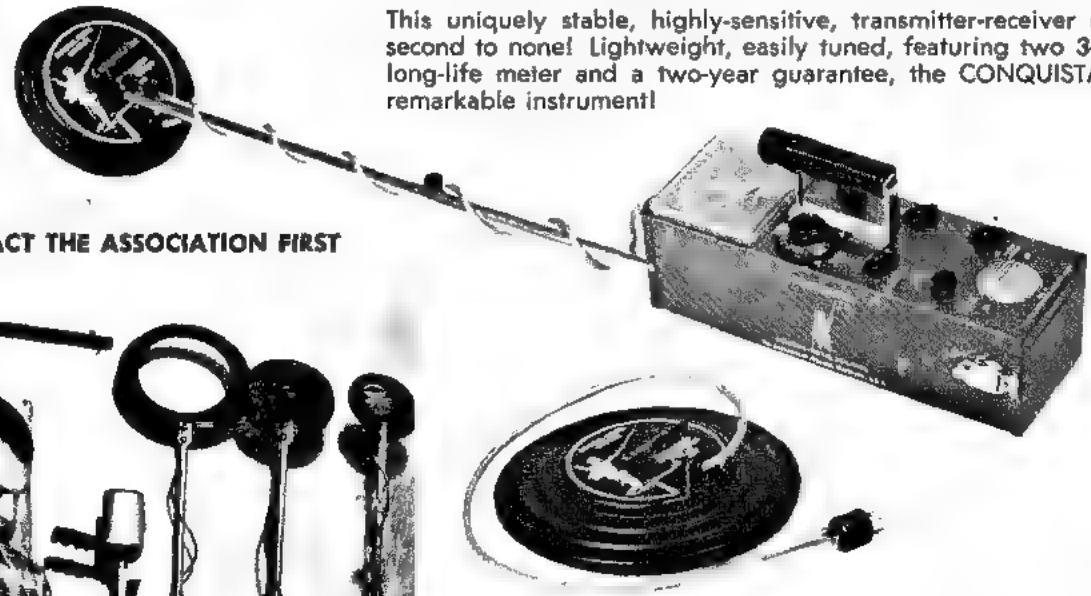

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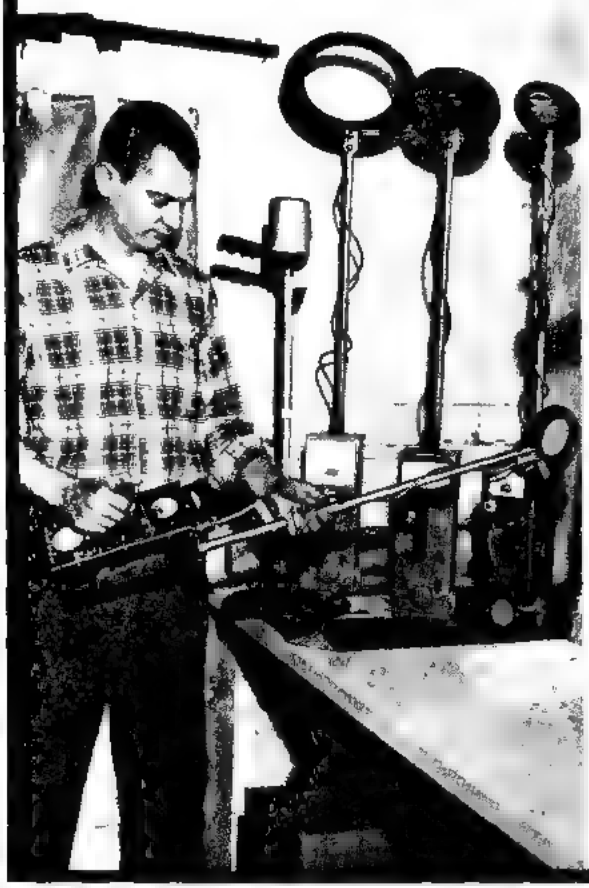

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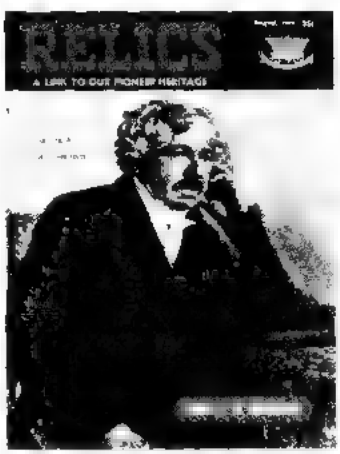

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Buried Riches

(Continued from page 31)

in the spring as soon as anyone.

" 'My name is George W. Skinner and my home is in the city of - - - -, Illinois. Early this spring I started for the Sangre de Cristo Mountains from Denver to prospect, being impelled to come here by the reports of gold finds disclosed to me by some friendly Indians. God only knows the hardships I endured in reaching this country, and after spending the greater part of the season in fruitless search I finally discovered what I believe to be one of the richest mines in Colorado and I will carry out with me all the gold I can manage with my limited facilities. To find the discovery shaft of the property, which I have purposely filled up, you stand with your back to the west side of the cabin, alongside the door, then walk up the gulch in front of you twenty paces. You will then arrive at the place on the right hand side of the gulch. The lead is a blind one and I accidentally found it while digging out the roots of a tree that had been blown down.

" 'Should any person find this letter inside of one year it will avail him nothing as I have complied with the law sufficiently to hold the property for that length of time. If I do not return within that time the property can be located by anyone. The only request I have to make is that the finder of this note notify my brother at the above address.—George W. Skinner.'

"The brother was now thoroughly convinced that some harm had befallen George and without telling anyone of his discovery, determined to set out in the spring and endeavor to solve the mystery. The snows of that winter were unusually severe and heavy slides were often heard tearing down the mountainsides, sweeping everything before them. But with the opening of spring, the snow on the south and east side of the mountain rapidly disappeared and early in March Mr. Skinner and his guide struck into the mountains, the guide being informed that they would take up the search where they left off the year before.

"When they arrived at what they supposed was the place where the old cabin had been found, everything was changed. Because of the heavy snows and the terrific snowslides, they were unable to find even a vestige of the cabin. Trees had been swept away, heavy boulders removed, and the general appearance of the country completely altered.

"NOTHING DAUNTED, Mr. Skinner determined to spend the summer in that locality in the hopes of obtaining some clue of his missing brother and if possible of locating the lost mine. Yet all their efforts were to no avail and when fall set in they reluctantly abandoned the search and again started for the foothills. Mr. Skinner had decided to organize a party and make a systematic search the following year after returning home and arranging necessary business affairs.

"One day's travel from where he and the guide started on the return trip, the mountain broke off very abruptly. The dim trail which the party was following along the rocky side of the precipitous mountain overhung a chasm hundreds of feet deep. While carefully picking their way along this dangerous path one of the burros became frightened at some imaginary object and, in plunging and bucking, jumped off the cliff and rolled down into the gulch below. Several articles of value were in the pack, so the two men secured the remaining burro and carefully picked their way to the bottom of the gulch to save what they could of the wreckage.

"At the place where the burro was lodged, some 200 feet below the trail, they were horrified to find the skeletons of a man and an animal lodged on a small shelf of rock near where their burro had struck. Portions of the pack were still on the animal and some of the clothing still clung to the skeleton. Among the articles found near the dead man was a book containing a diary, a perusal of which soon showed that the skeleton was that of George Skinner. The last entry in the diary referred to the writing of the letter telling the secret of the mine and indicating that it had been written on the day prior to George's death.

"An examination of the skeleton showed that the skull had been split in two and Skinner thought it had been the work of Indians. Robbery could not have been the motive, however, as considerable gold and all paraphernalia of a camping outfit were found nearby. The remains were buried under a large pine on the mountainside near where they had lain so long, and Mr. Skinner resumed his homeward trip, saddened by the fate of his brother yet satisfied to know that he had unraveled the mystery surrounding the disappearance.

"Skinner headed a party the following summer which endeavored to locate the lost mine; in fact, they continued their search for several years, but the snows and the accompanying slides, together with forest fires and the heavy rainstorms of summer, had completely obliterated all traces of the camp, and buried deeper than ever the rich lead of Old Horn's Peak.

"I accompanied Mr. Skinner one year on his search, and from him I learned the story. He showed me the letter written by his brother of the lost mine, and allowed me to take a copy of it which I still have among my relics. This big nugget of gold I have shown you is only one of a number taken from the pack of the dead burro by Mr. Skinner, and it convinces me that the dead man was not far wrong when he said that he found one of the richest mines in Colorado. Mr. Skinner and his party abandoned the search long ago, but some day in the future Old Horn's Peak will yield the secret of its buried treasure."

Silent Night of the Hermit

(Continued from page 25)

Then he was gone.

He came again the following morning and this time I stopped to speak to him. He spoke clearly and articulately but

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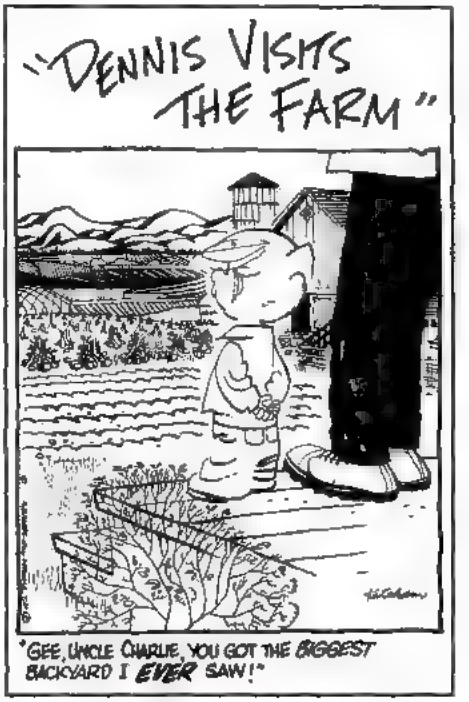
with an accent, and I have never seen such crystal clear eyes for a man of his age. He told me that he lived not far from the mine and that he owned a few mining claims, some adjoining our own. He asked a few questions and seemed to be well acquainted with mining operations.

Later my partner told me that he was Martin Schuber, eighty-four years old, and that he had lived in the district about forty years, most of that time in a little shed on the foot of a sloping hill less than a mile from the mine. He owned a few unpatented claims, a couple of which might be of some value in the future, and in spite of his age he still did his yearly assessment work on these claims. He was drawing a small old-age pension from the State of Arizona and, having no rent, no gas, light or water bills to pay, and needing very little clothing, his check was ample for his needs. From this meager income he even bought his dynamite, fuse and detonating caps which he needed for his assessment work. The old man was hardy and healthy and was known all over the district, but he stayed always by himself, alone. It was his habit to go to town once a month to buy groceries. One morning he came to the mine and asked me if I would take him to town after my work which, of course, I was glad to do. He appeared on the appointed time in newly-washed Levis and shirt and carrying a clean, neatly-folded gunnysack. (I would have liked to learn some more about him on these trips, but he never wanted to speak much about himself.) On arriving in town I let him off at a rooming house.

In the morning, he said, he would cash his check and buy his groceries, to be loaded in his gunnysack. Then he would be ready to leave civilization again and return to his cabin in the hills. I told him that I would leave much too early to take him back, on which he did not seem to count at all. I expected him to hitch a ride, for that portion of the road was quite well-traveled. From the main road there was a short rough road which led to our mine and then continued to his cabin, passing about fifty feet from our main shaft.



It was close to noon the following day when a taxi passed our mine, with Martin in it, leaning back in the seat with his legs crossed. We were dumbfounded, to say the least. Old Martin renting a taxi from town to his little shed!

When I took him in on his next trip, I mentioned that I had several errands to do in the morning and that I might take him back if he would be through in time. But he did not accept my offer, giving me the flimsy excuse: "No, Mr. Nick, Uncle Sam gives me that money for my old days. I have a little to spare, so I may as well put it back in circulation."

We watched for his taxi the following noon. It came promptly, with Martin in it, sitting like a king, waving at us poor hard-working ants trying to get the water out of that old copper mine! There must have been some psychological explanation for this unusual behavior. Was he somehow compensating for his humble existence, while having come from a much higher level and surroundings? He was born in Austria and came to this country as a young man, but never married. Later I heard that his name was not "Schuber" but "Schubert" and the story went that he was related to Franz Schubert, the illustrious Austrian composer. All this will have to remain unanswered.

(Continued on next page)

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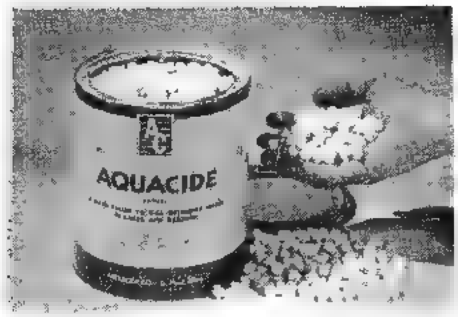

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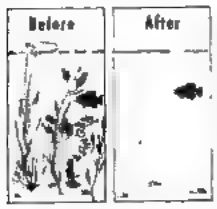

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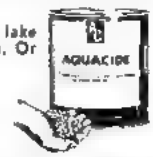

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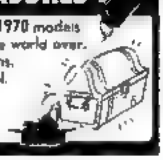

OUR CASUAL talks went on for a few months, when one morning I noticed that he was not walking as usual and I asked him what was wrong.

"I don't know, Mr. Nick," he replied, "but something is not right with my feet. They hurt when I walk and they look red."

I told him that I has taken a course in chiropody several years ago and that I would be glad to look at them during the lunch hour. This offer he gladly accepted.

He was waiting for me in front of his cabin and invited me in. It consisted of just one room which must not have been much larger than 8 x 10 feet, but was quite orderly. Against the wall facing the door was his bed and above it a long shelf. On it I noticed an extra pair of Levis, a shirt, some underwear and his gunnysack, and on the far end was canned food and some groceries. Directly left of the door stood a small wood stove, some firewood, an ax and a bucket of water. On the stove was a coffee pot and a frying pan and on a short shelf a couple more pans. On the other side of the door stood a table with a chair, with a storm lamp hanging from the ceiling. And there were two short shelves, one with a couple of dishes, a cup and some kitchenware. On the other was a carbide lamp and the usual specimens of ore, of which every miner has a collection. A small window was above the table and in the walls were nails for his hat and coat. These were all his earthly possessions and he asked for no more.

I asked the old man to sit down and take off his shoes and heavy socks. I could not find anything wrong with his feet although they were slightly red, but his socks were far from fresh.

"Do you change your socks quite often, Martin?" I asked.

"No, Mr. Nick," he replied. "If they have no holes in them I keep them on quite a while."

I told him that he should change socks every day for a while and soak his feet twice a day in warm water and baking soda for twenty minutes. If he had no baking soda, he could use soap until I could get him some. I wanted to tell him also to alternate shoes every day, but I was afraid he would not have a second pair, for I had not seen any around.

All the way back to the mine I had to think of Martin's cabin. How little we really need!

We continued to meet in the morning now and then and it was not long until he was walking normally again. Winter had set in and we were approaching Christmas. I had been invited to spend Christmas Eve with a family on a ranch not far from the mine. During the evening we talked about many things and at one point someone mentioned Martin Schuber. Among other things they spoke about his exceptionally bright eyes, his musical inclination and his rich resonant voice. And I told them about the inside of his cabin, as I was one of the very few who had ever been beyond the door.

Then one mentioned, "Tonight he will sing his Christmas songs again."

I asked what he meant and was told that on every Christmas Eve at midnight Martin would go to the top of a nearby hill and sing a number of Christmas songs, all in German. Instantly the desire came over me to witness this, but I dismissed it for it seemed to be intruding on Martin's privacy.

AFTER A WHILE I said goodnight to my friends, wishing each one a Merry Christmas. On my way home I passed the turn-off to the mine and I thought of Martin's Christmas songs, but kept going. Then I stopped. Why shouldn't I witness such an event? It was still over half an hour until midnight and I would never have such a chance again. So I turned back.

Arriving at the mine I parked my car under a tree. I knew just where the hilltop was from previous visits and I had to make a detour in order not to pass too close to Martin's cabin. From a distance I could see a faint light shining through his window. A bright moon floated above; the air was crisp; it was a beautiful night. Snow had fallen the previous day, but not enough to make going very difficult. Approaching the top I hid between some manzanita bushes and waited. An awfully guilty feeling came over me, but it was too late to turn back.

At last I saw Martin leave his cabin, carrying his storm lamp. Just why, I do not know, for no one needs a lamp on an Arizona moonlight night. But perhaps it was part of the ceremony. He was approaching slowly. I could not hear his steps in the snow and the stillness of the night was almost overpowering.

When Martin was close I noticed he was wearing clean Levis and jacket. After he had reached the top of the hill, he set down his lamp and took off his hat, which he kept in his hands. He stood there quietly, overlooking the peaceful country, the snow-covered hills with a low mountain range in the distance, all plainly visible in the moonlight. And not a sound—silence, silence.

Then his resonant voice lifted skyward with "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht." After a short pause this was followed by "O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum wie treu sind deine blätter." This was followed by "Grosser Gott wir loben Dich," and others—all in his native tongue as he used to sing them as a boy—many, many years ago. And now there stood an old man in this snow-covered country, paying homage to the God-Child, born two thousand years before. I don't think I had ever been so moved. He finally sang "Stille Nach, Heilige Nacht" once more.

Martin stood there for a long while in meditation and I believe I heard him pray. At last he put on his hat and walked back to his cabin, his lamp swinging to and fro.

The hermit of Arizona lives no more in his little shed. And his voice rings no more from that little hilltop on Christmas Eve. As the years wore on, in his aloneness his mind began to fail and he was taken back to civilization for care and attention. But he soon died, for he had lived too long in those quiet hills.

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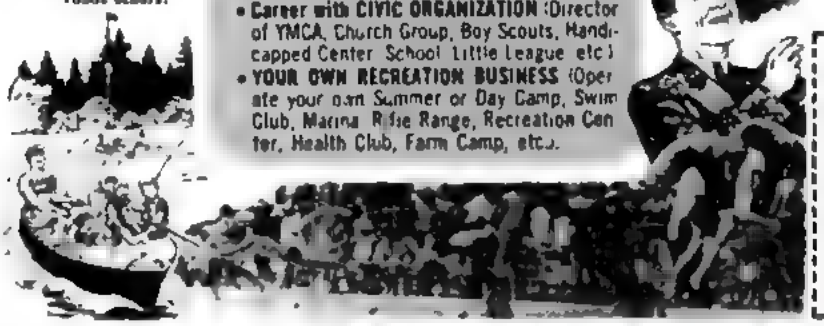

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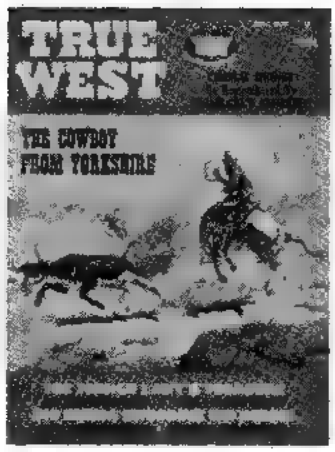

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Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 52)

and his mother's name was Mary. Not much is known about his father, but his mother remarried after his father's death. Either his father or stepfather died in a gun duel. His parents owned a farm near Decatur. My grandfather never introduced his family to his wife and children; however, I do know one of his sisters lived in Springfield, Missouri. If any of Perry Harmon's brothers or sisters or their descendants are living, I would like to hear from them.—Mrs. Carol I. Hogan, 6664 Knott Avenue, Apt. 6, Anaheim, California 92804

William Bassett

Can any of your readers help me find my half-brother? His name at birth about 1936 was William Edward Bassett. He was the only son of William Walker Bassett and Mildren (or Margret) Johnson. Mother was a daughter of an Arizona Baptist minister. Married January 1, 1935 and divorced about 1940 or 1941, Mother remarried a teacher and part-time forestry worker in Arizona. Father remarried my mother in 1944. William Edward attended Winslow High School in Tempe, Arizona.—Sgt. Ronald L. Bassett, (U.S.A.F.) 602 ND. ACW. SQ., Box 448, APO New York, 09321

Wylie Morris Family

I would appreciate any information on the family of my late father, Wylie F. Morris. His father, Thomas Jefferson Morris was born in or near Chattanooga, Tennessee about 1855. My father had several brothers and sisters. One brother named W. A. (Bill) was thought to have lived in Delta, Colorado around 1950. Another, Bill Morris, lived in Arizona and likely has descendants still living there. One sister called Teeney married a McGeehe and is thought to have lived in Gatesville, Texas. Thomas J. Morris married Elizabeth Parker and when their oldest child, Mollie, was small they moved to Newport, Texas where my father Wylie was born and where Elizabeth died. Thomas J. Morris later moved to the Texas Panhandle and lived there the rest of his life.—H. P. Morris, Grosvenor, Texas 76847

Ernest G. G. Sanborn

I hope your readers can help solve a mysterious period of about twenty years in my grandfather's life. The following information was related to me by his sister, Mrs. Jessie Coffey, and his daughter (my mother), Mrs. Adelaide Burgess.

Ernest Grant Gilman Sanborn left his home at Center Point, Iowa about 1882 at the age of sixteen and was gone twenty-four years. The first two or three years were spent among relatives near Covington, Iowa. Then he journeyed westward to Montana. His sister said that during this period their mother wrote regularly to Ernest even though she never received a response.

When he returned to Iowa in 1906 he said he had also written regularly but had

(Continued on page 68)

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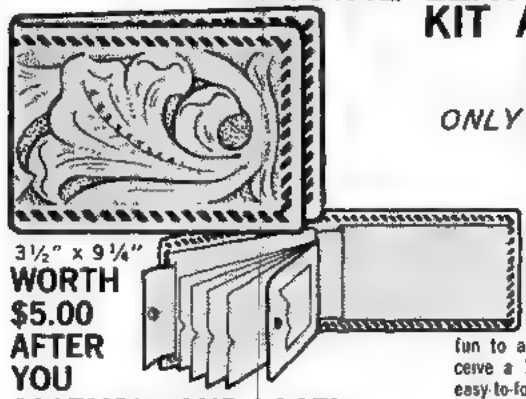

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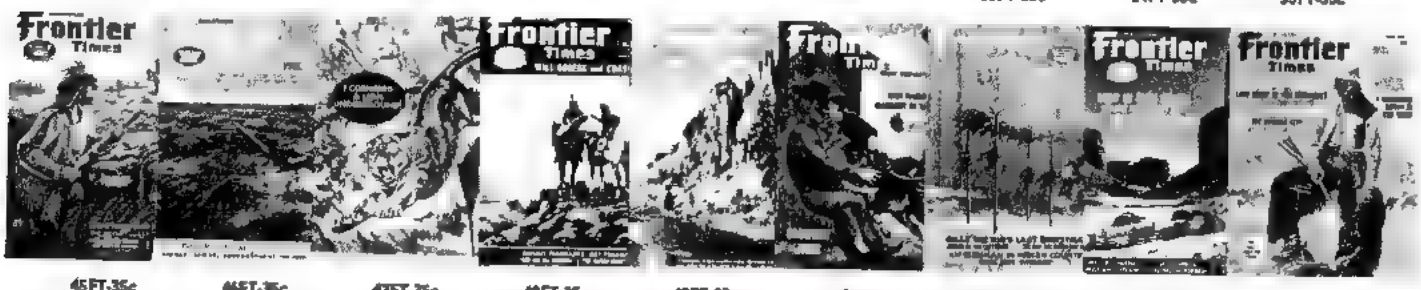

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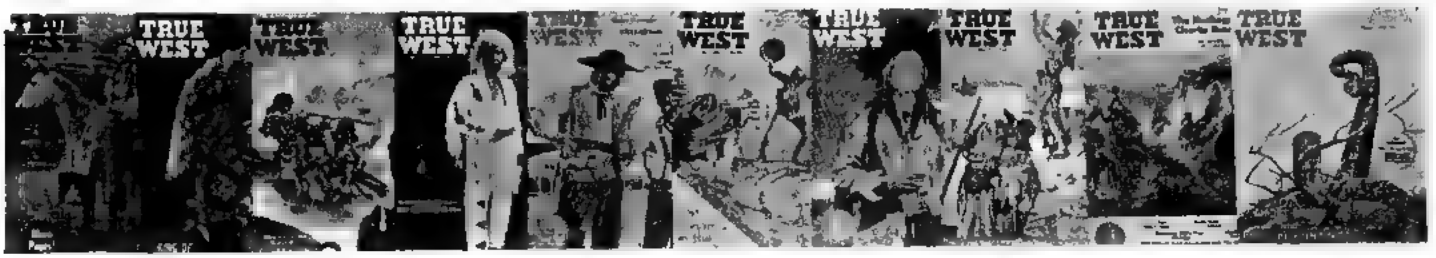

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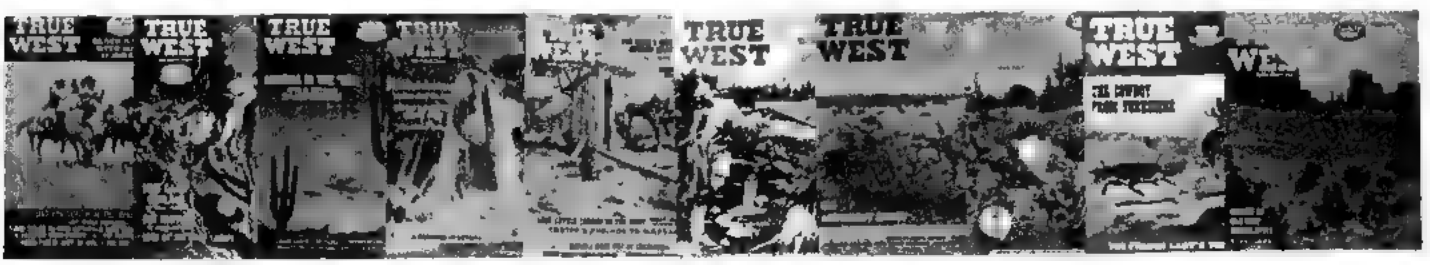

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Murdered in Church

(Continued from page 33)

yanked against the adobe wall where Enofrio rammed a pistol near his face and fired. The first shot missed the struggling editor who, wrenching free, jumped at his tormentor only to be struck in the chest by slugs which kicked him backwards and sent his life gurgling up from his throat.

As her husband was carried back inside the church, Mrs. Conklin collapsed as did several other women. The house of prayer now became a "house of weeping and wailing."

Christmas Day was hardly merry in Socorro. Instead it fell the sad duty of Justice of the Peace Blackington to convene a coroner's jury. Enofrio, Abran, and Mesias Baca were indicted for murder. Suspicion also fell on several others.

Factionalism now split the town of Socorro. The Mexican population felt that the Bacas' guilt had not been satisfactorily proven, and that extenuating circumstances would be revealed. They also suspected that the Americans were seeking to tighten their already considerable economic grip on the community, and perhaps get rid of the more vocal and volatile Mexican troublemakers.

The Americans were just as adamant in believing that the Mexicans were assisting the murderer in escaping justice. They suspected a mass plot to kill every Anglo in the vicinity. On December 27, the Las Vegas *Daily Optic* declared that the slayers were in a house guarded by 2,000 Mexicans, and that Americans were arming to protect themselves. Although this report was obviously exaggerated, it was exemplary of the developing feelings on both sides.

Other events also complicated matters. A newspaper report mistakenly named Jacob Baca, a prominent Socorro businessman, as one of the slayers. The Americans demanded that Sheriff Baca—another uninvolved person—turn Jacob over to them and when the sheriff refused, his action was taken to mean that he was protecting members of his own family at the expense of law and order and that he wanted the killers to go unpunished. With passions incensed, the Americans met to form a vigilante committee.

At three a.m. on the 27th, an armed group of over one hundred Americans caught sixty Mexicans by surprise and forced them to surrender Jacob Baca, Sheriff Baca, and three other men. During the confusion a pistol accidentally discharged and slightly injured one unidentified man. The five prisoners were hustled off to jail but negotiations soon got underway for their release.

Representatives of both factions met at the Park Hotel in downtown Socorro and tried to work out an amicable settlement. The Mexicans wanted the prisoners freed, claiming the men had nothing to do with the murder. The Americans were not exactly certain who was involved, so they insisted on holding everyone until all the facts of the situation could be gathered or an exchange for the actual slayers could be made.

Neither group gave ground and the negotiators consistently punctuated their arguments by threats to exterminate their opponents. At 9:55 a telegram was delivered to the city marshal of San Marcial, pleading: "Send immediately as many Americans, well armed, as you have to save the lives of Americans at Socorro."

MARSHAL HILL wired the division superintendent of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad for permission to use Engine No. 97 in the rescue effort. When Superintendent Robinson refused, Hill decided to seize it anyway. Thirty-five heavily armed men climbed aboard and, with a jump and a start which almost left it lying upside down in a vacant pasture, the train alternately bolted and chugged, then finally picked up speed under its novice engineer. Once fully underway, the wild ride took only fifty minutes, a local record unequaled to this day.

In the meantime four of the prisoners had been allowed to go free and only Jacob Baca remained in the Americans' custody. Evidently Jacob felt that he was a likely candidate for the hangman's noose, so he talked one of his friends into slipping him a pistol. On the evening of the 28th, guard Jack Ketcham brought in a tray of food and was shot in the side. As Ketcham fell to the floor he dragged out his own revolver and killed Baca.

At this turn of events, both factions hysterically wired the governor for protection. Socorro was a town on the verge of war. Women and children stood ready to be evacuated, and rumors were rampant that more armed men were rushing to the scene. Acting Governor Ritch tried to calm the situation, and his telegram to Socorro citizens read, "Leave the case for the District Judge to settle. Peace must be preserved or it will be much worse for the guilty. Troops are en route to Socorro."

By the time the troops arrived, the town had calmed considerably. Twenty men from Company I of the 13th Infantry arrived and patrolled the streets. One soldier wired his wife, "All quiet at Socorro. Americans have charge of the town."

Reason began to prevail as soon as it was discovered that the actual slayers were nowhere about. Reward posters went up all over the Southwest, with the governor of New Mexico offering a $500 reward for the capture of Conklin's killers, and the citizens of Socorro—both Mexican and American—raising a like amount to add to it.

ONE SUCH wanted circular came to the notice of James Gillett, a sergeant in Company A of the Frontier Battalion of Texas Rangers stationed near El Paso, Texas. Gillett knew that Jose Baca, county judge of El Paso County, was an uncle of one of the murderers, and he ordered a close watch on the judge's home and store in Ysleta. The move paid off. In early February 1881, Ranger Jim Fitch rode into camp from Ysleta and reported that two well dressed strangers had been seen sitting on

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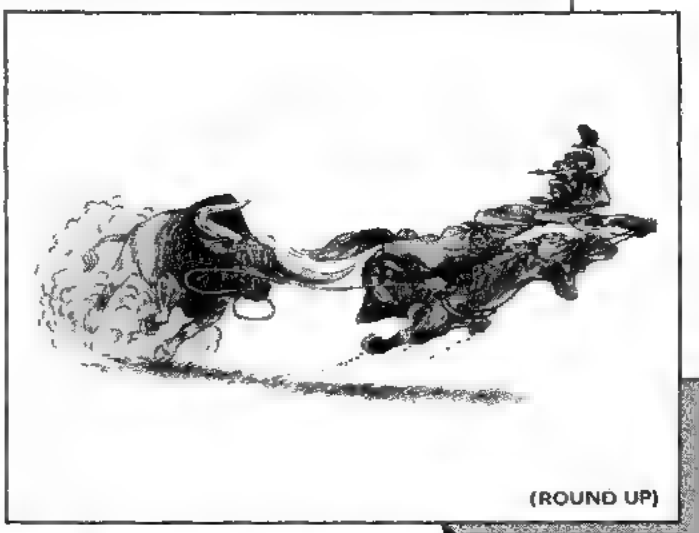

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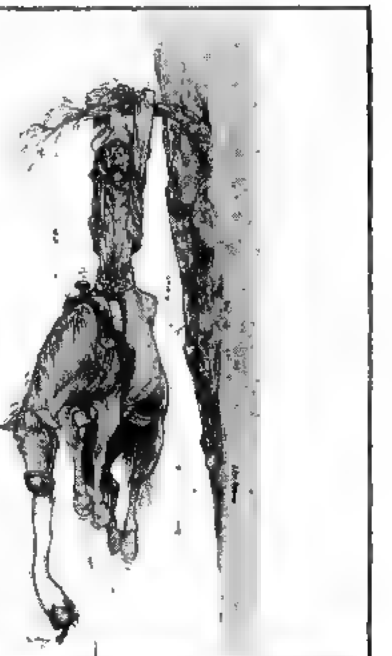

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Judge Baca's porch.

Gillett quickly arrested the suspects and started with his prisoners for Socorro. Before even getting out of Texas, however, Judge Baca caught up with the party and offered Gillett $700 to set the prisoners free. The sergeant refused, even when the offer jumped to $1,000.

In Socorro, Gillett found that only one of his prisoners, Abram Baca, was wanted. So he pocketed $250 for the man, took a draft of $250 from the governor, and returned to Texas.

Back on duty in Ysleta again, Sergeant Gillett continued to watch the local area carefully, confident that another Baca would sooner or later show himself—and his patience soon paid dividends. In April Santiago Cooper, an informant, told him that Enofrio Baca appeared to be in Zaragosa, Mexico, an adobe village across the Rio Grande from Ysleta. Gillett slipped $25 to Cooper and asked him to verify his suspicions. The report proved true; Enofrio Baca was indeed employed as a clerk in the only store in the town.

Gillett knew the possible consequences if he were caught attempting to forcibly remove Baca from across the border. He could be killed. Even if successful he could face dishonorable discharge from the Rangers. Yet he had performed the same action in the past without being punished. Only three months before, he had aroused some anxiety among his Ranger superiors who reported his arresting "three thieves in Mexico without authority of the Jefe Politico who felt sore about it."

Yet the thought of kidnapping Baca had a certain amount of romantic appeal, not to mention the possibility of a reward, and Gillett decided to risk it. He asked a fellow Ranger, George Lloyd, for assistance.

The two Rangers bided their time for several days, then rode out of camp, crossed the Rio Grande and approached Zaragosa from the west side. Upon reaching the store, Lloyd held the horses while Gillett located Baca who happened to be measuring some goods for an old Mexican woman. Acting swiftly, Gillett jerked his pistol, grabbed Baca by the collar, and gave him a quick smell of the long barrel. Then he ordered him to come along and to step lively. The Mexican woman fainted.

When the other customers realized that a kidnapping was taking place, some ran outside screaming. Gillett shoved Baca through the open door and told him they were going to Paso del Norte (El Paso). Baca offered no resistance, but instead jumped up behind Lloyd, and all three men left Zaragosa at a hard run.

Although pursuit was hastily organized by the Mexican villagers, the Rangers and their prisoner had a good start and never were in any real danger as they hustled their prisoner back to camp.

GILLETT'S commanding officer, Captain George Baylor, was considerably less than amused by the affair. He realized immediately that something was amiss, even though the two Rangers tried to avoid discussing the matter. When finally he did wring a confession from Gillett, he swore angrily and pointed out to the sergeant that his impulsive mission was the most "imprudent act you ever committed in your life! Don't you know that it is a flagrant violation of the law and is sure to cause a breach of the international comity that might cause the Governor of Texas to disband the whole of Company A? Not only this, but it is a wonder to me that the Mexicans did not shoot you and Lloyd into doll rags."

The sergeant had a defense, of course. He argued that Mexican officials had a long history of allowing prisoners to escape or buy their freedom. Pointing out that a nearly identical incident had happened before, Gillett prophesied that the entire matter would soon be forgotten. In the meantime he wanted to return Baca to Socorro and collect his money.

Against his better judgment, Baylor allowed Gillett to leave. The sergeant caught a train to Socorro, and the last act of a Southwest tragedy began. When near its destination, the train was stopped and boarded by a dozen armed Anglos who removed Baca and took him along. Gillett resisted the abduction, but was powerless to prevent the mob from taking his prisoner. For his trouble he got only a receipt for the prisoner so he could claim the reward. Enofrio was dragged kicking and screaming to the nearest gate post and lynched, an act which lay heavily on the conscience of James Gillett for many a year.

With the lynching of Baca, international repercussion followed. Secretary

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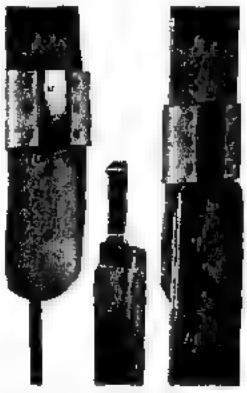

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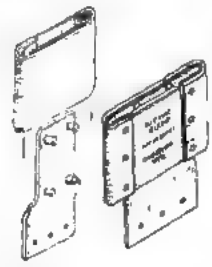

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of State Blaine, following a complaint from the Mexican embassy, wrote Texas Governor Roberts and requested a full report. Roberts in turn demanded an explanation from Ranger authorities, and Baylor was forced to defend Gillett's actions even though he did not approve of them.

The incident at last quieted down when the Mexican government was assured that there would be no more violations of their territorial jurisdiction. A new policy for the Frontier Battalion was clearly established by Texas Adjutant General John B. Jones who, in Special Order No. 11, made it clear that such incidents in the future were strictly forbidden and would be severely punished.

As for Socorro, New Mexico, the events at Christmas time in 1880 had a sobering effect upon all. The citizens saw where the issue of racism could lead them, and from that time forward, relations between the two ethnic groups have improved consistently. Never since has there been a situation where either has tried to take the law into its own hands.

And the Band Played On!

(Continued from page 17)

Would the music soothe the savage breast and prevent a bloody battle? The apprehensive immigrants could only wait and see. It seemed extremely doubtful, for when the Indians rode off the slopes into the valley they burst into a gallop of thundering hoofs straight at the forted-up whites.

Hilger had organized the train of 150 wagons and 24 families early in 1867. By the time the train was collected at the starting point, eighty miles northeast of Fort Wadsworth, North Dakota, 160 unmarried men filled with the spirit of adventure and hankering to try their luck in the Montana gold fields, had joined up to work their passage by handling the ox-drawn wagons for the immigrants.

Two companies of U.S. Infantry driving 300 head of beef cattle accompanied the train to Fort Buford on the Missouri River in northwestern Dakota.

At the start Davy was elected train captain, and rules and regulations governing the immigrant party were set up. A large number of musicians had brought their instruments along. Hilger personally organized them into a band, a most unusual group for any immigrant train. Three guides were hired, two half-breeds and a full-blood Indian. They knew the route and where water and the best grass were located.

MANY NIGHTS along the slow, dusty journey the band gave concerts and provided music for dancing on the bald prairies. So, despite the many hardships encountered, the immigrants were afforded some amusement and considered themselves fortunate to have their own orchestra.

Fort Ridgley was the last outpost of civilization. They would see the next white men at Fort Stevens on the Missouri River below Fort Buford. The northern route crossed Dakota, passing Big Stone Lake forty miles south of Devils Lake to the Missouri River.

Trouble beset the train while still in the Dakotas. From some never discovered source the guides obtained whiskey and proceeded to get drunk. They were loaded senseless into a wagon.

When the guides sobered up, Captain Davy gave them an embittered reprimand. The train had been forced to go into a waterless camp early in the day. Sullenly angry, the guides announced that they were abandoning the train and the immigrants could get along without them. They were preparing to depart on their ponies when Hilger entered the argument. Soothing words from him quieted the display of temper. For secondary considerations they agreed to continue on to the Missouri River.

By then the people and livestock were suffering greatly from lack of water. One of the guides told Captain Davy that there was plenty of water only a mile ahead. Happily the train lined out to the waterhole where that day and the next were spent recuperating.

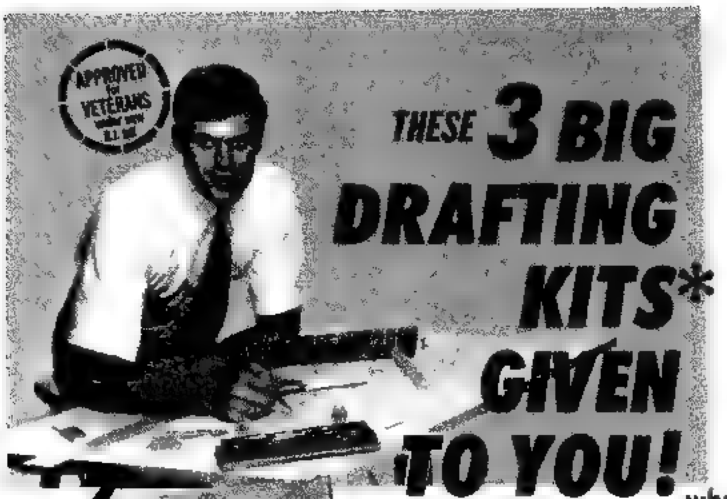
On reaching Fort Stevens where another rest halt was made, the train then followed the north side of the Missouri to the mouth of Milk River. This was a country inhabited by several tribes of hostile Indians, the Bloods, Piegans, Blackfeet, Sioux, Crows and Assiniboines as well as the unpredictable Gros Ventres. However, almost every day small groups of friendly Indians would appear, riding along with the wagons and entering the night camps.

Covering twelve to twenty miles each day was a little fast for oxen and many of them gave out. Rather than abandon these animals to the mercy of wolves, they were shot. The alkali country was worst on oxen, soon wearing their feet thin and posing the threat of running out of livestock altogether. In the end milch cows had to be yoked to the wagons.

Buffaloes were a constant nuisance. On any day a dozen to twenty herds of the beasts were in sight. Each herd ranged in size from a few hundred to thousands. A number of times the buffaloes came toward the train on a run but fortunately were shunted aside by riders before collision could be made. A few were shot for fresh meat. On one occasion a bunch of about 100 old bulls refused to be diverted and charged directly at the train. Guns were fired, shouts raised and blankets waved. All that this activity accomplished was to spread the beasts out wider. They hit the train, some smashing into the sides of wagons, two of which were overturned.

At other times a large herd, crossing before the train's course, forced it to hold up. Quite frequently the delay consumed many hours before the lambering beasts faded out of the way. The big shaggy animals marched in a wide column and obstinately took their own good time. The immense herds trampled down the grass and destroyed waterholes. Even the Milk River was stamped into mudholes by their split hoofs. And worse—they attracted Indians.

A NUMBER of immigrants who were short of oxen traded for cayuse horses



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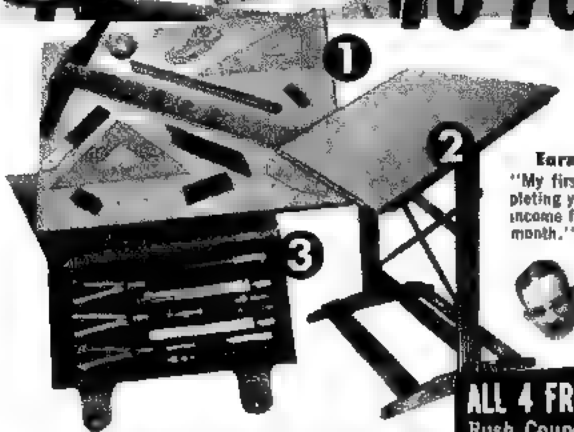

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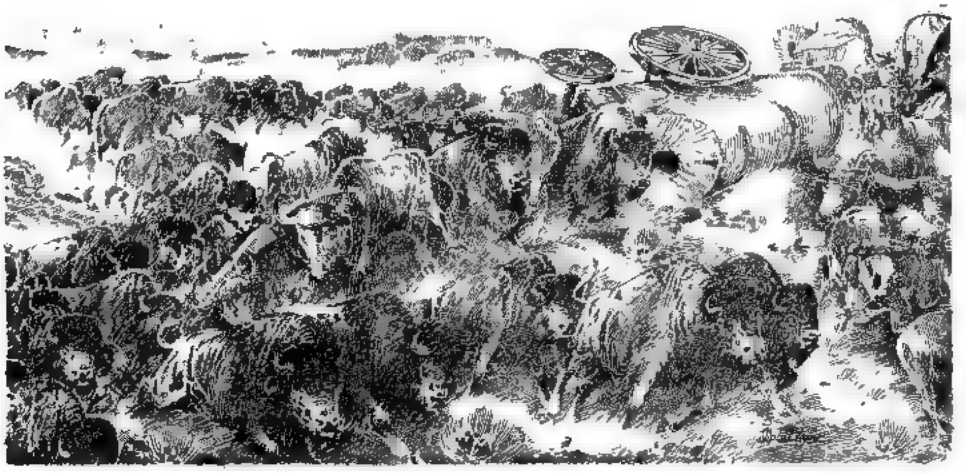
from visiting tribesmen. It took considerable effort to break such animals.

An aged Blood chief, passing through the Milk River Valley with his small band, took a liking to Hilger. He stayed with the train almost a week, and before departing gave Hilger a friendly warning: Just three days more and the immigrants would enter a territory where Indians were hostile to all white men. Not long before they had wiped out five camps of woodcutters on the Missouri River. The choppers had been stacking wood along the riverbank for steamers on the Big Muddy.

However, there had been no trouble before the sudden surround in Milk River Valley. Then, while the band blared, other men of the train positioned themselves in and under the wagons, all firearms loaded. They were determined to give the best possible account of themselves, yet realized that if the Indians attacked they would be overrun quickly.

Before riding within rifle shot range, the racing Indians swung into a great circle around the forted wagons. Dust kicked up by so many pony hoofs clouded into the sky. Not more than three rounds of the immigrants were made before the Indians dropped from a run into a trot.

During this customary preliminary to attack the bandsmen continued to valiantly pour forth their brassy notes. It is doubtful that the Gros Ventres and their Blackfeet allies even heard them until their own yelling and noise had subsided. As it did so and the encircling riders slowed, certainly the band's martial music echoed far on the light breeze. In about ten minutes the Indians stopped completely, turning their ponies' heads toward the immigrant wagons.



People in the train stared at the redskin riders hopefully when no sudden hostile movement occurred. Actually, the Indians were not a little amazed. As they said afterwards in Fort Benton, they were fully bent on wiping out the entire train but could not understand this peculiar way of making war. They knew all immigrants would fight, but never before had they been serenaded by band music. Was this some kind of a new and powerful *medicine* that fore-ordained their destruction? Until finding out what it portended they were not willing to risk an attack.

Perhaps half an hour had elapsed, the band still blaring away, when one of the war chiefs concluded to send in a delegation. A racing rider was sent over to the river to bring back six squaws. Since it was unlikely that women would be fired on, they were sent to the wagon-train. The squaws rode slowly forward. Hilger stepped out between two wagons with his right hand held high in the air in the proverbial signal of peaceful intentions. The band kept right on playing.

After studious consideration of the situation the squaws in their fringed buckskin and beads dismounted. A youth from the train stepped up to hold their ponies. The solemn, dusky faces merely bent to-

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ward Hilger, Captain Davy and the others who came forward to conduct the unexpected envoys inside the circled wagons. The guides were gone and not a single person with the train could talk to them.

However, as in many such instances, words were not necessary. White women approached them, trying to hide their fear of Indians. For their part, the squaws seemed completely fascinated by the group of musicians in the center of the circle. Without letup, with hardly a pause between one marching number and the next, the band kept blowing steadily. It was a wonder that their lungs held out. If ever men gave their "last breath" for the safety of others, it was those heroic bandsmen.

Presents were made of red cloth, beads, sugar, and tobacco. The squaws accepted these things in a curiously detached way. While indicating their thanks they could not remove their enthralled attention from the noisy music-makers. Off key and never completely in time the agitated musicians made an incredible lot of noise.

When led toward the cooking fires, the squaws turned away. They had come to see what went on. Having viewed the scene they must obey orders to return and report. As they hurried outside to mount up, Hilger held little hope that the attack had been anything but delayed. While the squaws galloped back to the motionless warriors every man in the train wondered what would happen next. And the band played on.

HARDLY TEN MINUTES elapsed before the warriors, who had encircled the squaws as soon as they reached the mounted line, broke up. Across the distance they could be seen handing weapons to others. Carrying only their feather-decorated, crested lances, seven chiefs and warrior leaders rode slowly forward. The lances were held high as a token of peaceful intent. Nevertheless, the band kept blaring military marches.

Again Hilger, impressive of stature, with massive beard and knightly bearing, met the Indians coming in. For all of a minute the redskin riders stared down at him, all the while listening to the din of bugle and trumpet. Then they slid from their ponies' backs, advancing to offer a handshake in greeting. This was a most heartening sign.

That formality over with, they turned as one, stepped between two wagons, and entered the square to see the grouped bandsmen. Probably never before in their lives had these warriors of the plains and mountains seen or heard such an aggregation. The stolid, expressionless brown faces did not unbend once.

Never afterwards was Hilger or any other member of the train able to account for what happened—the warriors who had followed the squaws on an inspection tour merely turned around and retreated. Since the crisis was not past, the band played on.

The next time, a score of warriors, undoubtedly leading men, came to the circled train. While they listened to the blasts and the wails of the music they were fed and given presents.

Meanwhile Hilger detected a surprising change occurring among the mounted warriors. Most of them had approached to within a hundred feet of the wagons where they could hear the band music better. From recesses in the valley the squaws and children appeared as though by magic, with teepee furnishings carried on travois. Some walked right inside the ring of wagons.

The sternness common to Indians began to dissolve. The women and children laughed and talked to the immigrants in a language none of the whites understood. This made no difference whatever. The stony visages of the warriors evaporated. Some of them returned to the waiting line, whereupon others came to visit.

Hilger was soon beset by another fear. Surely the imminent attack had been avoided but how to feed the horde of Indians waiting to take turns visiting the wagontrain? Moreover, if they increased in numbers to several hundred at a time, what if they suddenly turned on the immigrants at close hand? Perhaps one of the chiefs realized that so few white people could not entertain the mass waiting beyond the wagons. At any rate, some sort of order was given that dissolved them into small groups. Dismounted the Indians started fires, roasting buffalo meat as the rest of the squaws, children and old people who had remained out in the valley joined the warriors.

It was only then—near sundown—that Hilger could safely assure himself that his idea had won the day and saved the train from destruction. It was, in fact, the most unusual event which ever took place involving a much superior force of Indians bent on taking the warpath.

AT LONG LAST the gallant bandsmen ran completely out of lung power and were forced to stop playing. Following a brief rest and while cooking fires burned brightly, they returned to making music but in far less desperate vein. No one in the immigrant train got any rest that night. Droves of Indians came and went from the camp. But there was not a single hostile move made nor an overt act of violence committed. Strangely, too, no petty pilfering took place.

One of the chiefs brought in ten ponies loaded with freshly killed buffalo meat. This was immediately placed on hot coals and ashes to roast. Squaws brought their babies in carrying cradles to exhibit to the white women, while curiously examining the few white infants. Only the smallest children, worn down by the intense excitement, and the babies got any sleep. Dawn was breaking before the last Gros Ventres, having satisfied their intense curiosity, departed the camped train.

The immigrants could make little mileage the next day but the oxen were inspanned early. Three miles from the Indian encampment, which was scattered all through the valley as far as the eye could see, the train halted. The stock was taken out under guard to fill on thick, headed grass. More than fifty war-

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riors, led by a chief, rode in. With them was a Canadian half-breed who informed Hilger and Davy that a few miles on stood an encampment of Piegan and Blackfeet Indians who were likely to attack them. The Gro Ventres would accompany the train past that danger point. Meanwhile they wanted to hear the band play again. The weary bandsmen assembled and gave a concert during the noon hour for their special benefit.

Inspanning again, the train went on accompanied by Gros Ventres riding on each side of the point. The next day the small camp of hostile Indians was reached. They were on a hunting trip, acquiring a winter's supply of meat. While the train kept creaking ahead the Gros Ventres spent some time powwowing with them. That night in camp many of the Piegans visited with the Gros Ventres warriors and listened to the brass band.

The next day both visitors and escorts departed and the train proceeded west without delay. It had turned south to cross the river when nearly a hundred mounted Indians raced out of the hills toward them. Davy corraled the wagons. This time the immigrants felt confident of being able to stand off the hostiles. These Indians were renegades from several tribes, banded together to prey on likely victims of any color. And they came to beg, not to fight. However, the immigrants had given the Gros Ventres just about everything available in the train and the renegades, though disgruntled, had to go their way without receiving presents or bribes. After the Milk was crossed the train reached the old north trail into Canada, making it easily to Fort Benton on the Missouri.

News of the band incident had already been brought there by small groups of trading Indians. Hilger was assured that only a miracle prevented wholesale slaughter of his party. The Gros Ventres, usually a peaceful tribe, were on the warpath because their hills and mountains had been invaded by gold seekers and wolfers. The tribe was especially bitter toward the latter. The wolfers poisoned many buffalo carcasses, and while this method killed wolves in packs, Indian dogs also ate the poisoned meat and died.

After resting over a week just outside Fort Benton, Hilger's train continued west. From Sun River Crossing the train headed south to Prickly Pear Valley (Helena) where a village of settlers and miners was booming. Among the several families remaining there were the Hilgers. The rest proceeded on to Deer Lodge and Alder Gulch (Virginia City). Several of Montana's best known pioneers and most outstanding citizens arrived in Montana with the Hilger train.

David Hilger, although only nine years old at the time, remembered vividly the rest of his life how band music had prevented a massacre of his father's train. For twelve years (1925-1937) he was librarian of the Montana Historical Society. He wrote and deposited the historical account of that singular episode in the library archives.

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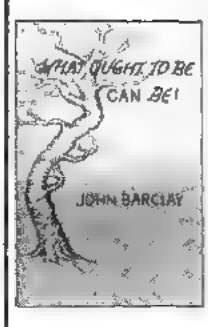

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Aljaska Land

(Continued from page 37)

coal, graphite, serpentine, perhaps also precious stones and gold, have up to now not been mined.

But the chief significance of Aljaska Land remains in its wealth of furs. This caused the Russians to erect several trading stations there a while ago. The Indians and Eskimos hunt the animals and exchange the pelts for firewater, firearms and all kinds of necessities. Our *first picture* shows us such a trading post of the Russian-American fur company in the highest north—on Unalachet (Unalakleet) River, which empties into Norton Sound. Russian fur dealers founded the station in 1865. It is winter—when is it not winter here!

Aljaska Land has eight fully icy winter months, with eternally long, dark nights. The still remaining four months are divided into winter beginning and winter end. And now winter wants to begin. It is September . . . in our beautiful, blessed Germany one still hears complaints day after day about the "terrible heat." Aljaska Land has a mantle of snow. Unalachet River is already covered with thick ice. As a final summer festival our Indians are granting themselves a special pleasure: they are digging holes into the ice and fishing in the river. A quantity of small silver-scaled fish is their reward. Soon the thickness of the ice will forbid this useful pastime.

From all sides festive guests are still rushing in on sleds drawn by Eskimo dogs, that have sinews of steel and are as fast as the wind, or on the customary snowshoes. These are just as long as their wearers are tall, and are carved with wonderful skill and neatness from tough wood. As the only tool for this purpose, a large knife, sharp as a razor, serves the native. This he uses as a hatchet, plane and drill. The snowshoe, actually a snow boat, is finally shaped at the fire and fastened to the foot with thongs . . . and like a bird the swift runner glides over the glistening expanse —like lightning he goes downhill and like a cat uphill. Should a steep slope be encountered, then the snowshoes are quickly covered with sealskins, so that the hairs, directed backward, dig into the snow like a thousand little hooks. Thus the snowshoes climb or glide over the deepest, softest snow, where the reindeer and the Eskimo dog would tire out—would sink helplessly.

AND IT IS turning winter—icy, dark, winter night, months long. Such a picture our *second illustration* shows us. We see the inner court of the Russian trading station for pelt wares in Nulato on the Yukon. The Yukon is the largest river of Aljaska; during the short summer 450 German miles of its course are navigable; in the long winter it is a gigantic ice street for the dogsleds of the Indian hunters and fur traders. Oh, what joy and excitement in Nulato, when a sled with an American, Russian, or even only semi-wild Indians arrives—the only interruption and event in the cold winter night. There the guest is drawn into the smoky, close quarters; men and women zealously assist him in shedding his snowy garments of bearskins and seal furs, in drying these and him by the everlasting grease lamps. They cook for him the most delicate slices of bear or walrus . . . and press him impatiently for news. . . . Forgotten for a while the joyless, raw winter—forgotten the eternal, sunless night—forgotten the grim cold that can turn cured whale meat into chunks of ice, or freeze firmly shut the snow-blinded eyes lash to lash. One chats and dreams enchantedly of the coming daylight—of the first reviving ray of the sun—of the approaching summer. . . .

In the glory of an arctic summer our *third picture* displays the largest city of Aljaska: Sitka or New Archangel. It is located in Norfolk Sound on little Sitka Island, discovered by Tschirokov, the fellow traveler of the unfortunate Behring, who lost his life so miserably on bleak Behring Island. Sitka is the most important harbor for the telegraph expeditions, seafarers, and fur traders of the west coast of former Russian America. The white population amounts to scarcely 800 souls. But since union with the United States it is growing fast. More and more new settlers are arriving. Of native Indians there live perhaps about a thousand in the vicinity of the city from hunting and fishing and—stealing. As gentle and good-natured as the natives of the north coast of Aljaska are—just that wild and rough are the Indians of the west coast. They have caused the Russians much concern at various times through their murderous assaults. Sitka attempts to protect itself from them by means of a high palisade. With approaching darkness no Indian is allowed anymore into the city. Scrub spruce forests and snow-covered mountain peaks surround the settlement. The most prominent mountain in our picture is the Edgecumbe, an extinguished volcano—the stately, highly located building the house of the governor. Small attempts are being undertaken to farm the land around Sitka.

In Aljaska much still remains to be done to fully develop the fur trade. But this work will be richly rewarded. This the sly Americans knew well when they purchased the apparently worthless land for such a high price. And they are energetically putting their shoulders to the wheel. The old sleepy humdrum way is being replaced by new business undertakings. Already Jewish fur dealers of Aljaska are doing excellent business. Just now the project has been started to set up a direct telegraph connection by way of British Columbia, Aljaska, Kamchatka to Japan and China. Recently, a group of capitalists offered for the use of the land a sum of ten million dollars. The poor, once so despised Aljaska is approaching its florescence with gigantic strides . . . even if it is only a snow flower.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 59)

never received an answer either. A cousin in Montana carried mail and it was believed he may have absconded with the letters. His sister said there must have

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been trouble somewhere, not knowing what. Ernest Sanborn told of being bitten by a rattlesnake and how his friends took care of him. He had a ranch and a herd of horses near Malta, Montana which he sold when he returned East and at which many young fellows stayed as they went West.

According to his daughter, he had an interest in a piece of property which he sold and which later turned out to be a rich open-pit coal mine. I don't know if this and the property near Malta were the same or not, but his daughter seems to think this land was farther west near the Butte area. His daughter also related there were some typically Wild West happenings, which may refer to the trouble of which his sister spoke. She said that after her parents moved to Port Townsend, Washington a man named Clifford, thought to be an alias, lived near him. Ernest Sanborn knew him in Montana. This man had been involved in a murder and was a fugitive, but Ernest Sanborn never felt it his duty to do anything. My mother described her father as an autocratic ruler of his home, brooking no arguments from his family.

Her information about these years was learned from her mother as he was most non-communicative with his children about this period. He returned to Iowa in 1906, married Euphemia Coffey in the spring of 1907, and moved shortly thereafter to Alberta, Canada, then to Washington, settling permanently in Port Townsend where he died in 1939. I would appreciate it if anyone with information about these years in Montana would write.—Mrs. Helen Lindhorst, 1091 Pacific Street, Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401

Levi Lee Beard Sr.

I am trying to locate a relative or someone who has any information about the Beard family who lived (as far as we know) somewhere in the vicinity of Benton or Paducah, Kentucky.

My grandfather, Levi Lee Beard Sr., came to Oklahoma sometime before the turn of the century. He married Lucille Beams (my grandmother) who was a Choctaw Indian. They had six children, Luther, Myrtle, Claude, Cecil, Levi Lee Jr. (my father), and another daughter who died very young. He also had a brother, Finley, who later came to Oklahoma. I believe he went back to Kentucky where he perished in a fire at his home in later years. Of all his children only three are still living, my father among them. He is now sixty-five and knows little of his relatives. Levi Lee Sr. passed away sometime in the early '30s and I was very young and never knew him.

My father would be very happy to hear from a relative or someone familiar with the Beard ancestors. His address is Levi Lee Beard Jr., General Delivery, Rush Springs, Oklahoma 73082.—Mrs. Harold B. Jenkins, Box 704, Shattuck, Oklahoma 73858

John N. Seward

I would appreciate hearing from anyone who has knowledge of my grandfather, John N. Seward, who came from England to New York in the 1880s and was naturalized there. About 1900 he went first to Guelph, then to Brantford in Ontario, Canada where he reportedly changed his name to John West. Before many years passed, however, there is reason to believe he left Ontario and moved farther west (whether in Canada or the U. S. is not certain.) Whether he called himself West or Seward after that is not known. In the only photograph I have of him he appears to be a tall man with a heavy, black moustache. He was a cabinetmaker by trade and was a member of the Order of the Sons of St. George.—Jack Seward, Box 488, Celeste, Texas 75423

Otto Kristian Thompson

I am looking for old cowboys and friends of my grandparents. Otto Kristian Thompson was born August 24, 1884 at Erdahal and married Rena Matilda Iverson on December 18, 1913 in Minnesota. He came to Judith Gap, Montana in 1901 where he worked on the old "Jawbone Railroad." He was a mechanical genius and designed farm equipment. Otto had many friends wherever he went and everyone knew him for his honesty, integrity and kindness. Many buildings stand as monuments to his skill, including several churches for which he always donated his efforts. He died January 23, 1949 and my grandmom died August 28, 1958. He had five children: Mervin Thomas, Orville Kenneth, Raymond M. (lives in Englewood, Colorado), and Evelyn Irene, who died of diphtheria.—Kari Marken Thompson, 5752 South Jasmine, Englewood, Colorado 80110

Walter James Wolfe

I would appreciate any information on my father's family. My father, Walter James Wolfe was born in Dallas, Texas in 1900 or 1901. He had a wife, Mildred Hazel Wolfe, and three daughters, Barbara, Shirley Mae and Judy Martha. He lived in and around Dallas and Grand Prairie, Texas until he passed away.—Mrs. Judy LaBoon, 600 White Street, Whitesboro, Texas 76273

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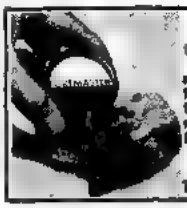
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Frontier Post

(Continued from page 4)

Dear Joe:

I enjoyed reading about the Texas Northers because I was one of those caught in the same blizzard. I was returning from Colorado Springs. I stopped over someplace until the roads had cleared and then continued on. I never saw so many frozen cattle in my life. I took a roll of pictures and am enclosing one of me standing beside the road with dead cattle all around me. It was like this for miles. I thought that someone else who passed this way might recall seeing this scene.

Keep those mags coming—I enjoy them all.—Edwin W. Smalley, Box 309, Norman, Oklahoma 73069

March 1957 Norther in West Texas.

Carry Nation in Danger

Dear Sir:

I have been reading in FRONTIER TIMES various occasional articles about Carry Nation. These articles were of more than usual interest to me as we had in our possession for many years a double-barrelled shotgun that was bought to kill her. It came about in this way.

About 1901, I think it was, my father, Lewis Anker, filed at El Reno, Oklahoma during the land drawing and was lucky enough to draw a piece of land near the town of Hydro where I was born in 1907.

For our closest neighbor we had an old man by the name of Schmit who with his two sons was running a saloon in Winfield, Kansas around the turn of the century. Suddenly one day Carry Nation and her gang strode in and began busting things up.

During the ruckus a member of the gang hit one of the Schmit boys over the head with a bottle, causing his death. Soon after this the senior Schmit bought a new double-barrelled shotgun and announced he would kill Carry on sight if she ever came to town again. But she never did. However, he did meet her later on a train and gave her a thorough cussing and told her what he had planned for her if she ever returned. All this was overheard by a drummer who was riding on the same train who told about it later. He said Carry seemed extremely frightened.

Dad finally came into possession of the gun and brought it to Kansas with him when we moved to the present farm in 1911. Dad passed on in 1963 at ninety-six and my mother is still alive at ninety-three. The gun is long gone and I wish we had kept it. Maybe some of the people around Hydro or Winfield can throw some more light on this subject. If so, I would like to hear from them.—Harold Anker, Wilsey, Kansas 66873

Buckskin Appaloosa Brands

Dear Sir:

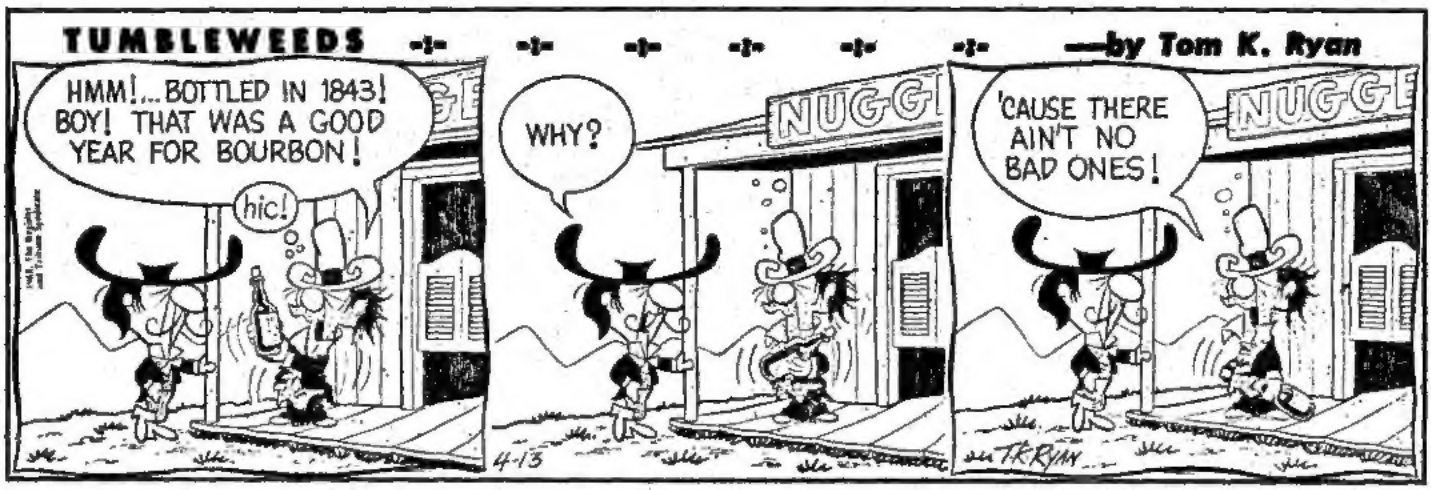
I have two mares with brands I cannot identify and have written to several states asking if these brands are registered in their files, but they are not. I figure one of your readers might have some idea of who these brands belong to: and . The mares are both buckskin Appaloosas, and we have the idea that they might have come from out west someplace. One mare is between seven and nine, the other is between nine and eleven. I would like to know what kind of training these mares have had, because I feel they know something I don't! It might even be possible for me to find out their parentage. If anyone knows anything about these brands, I would very much appreciate their contacting me.—Jean Turanski, 2844 King Road, Toledo, Ohio 43617

Who Killed Yellow Hand?

Gentlemen:

The subject of just who killed Yellow Hand at the battle of War Bonnet Creek is still being argued. I am not trying to open any old wounds but I believe this old boy's story has about as much merit as any I have read or heard and deserves a little mention somewhere in your magazine, of which I am a steady subscriber.

At the time of the unveiling of the monument, I had a friend who was there. He was an old resident of that country and just as big a bug at digging out the facts of western history as any of us. I don't know how many old soldiers were there, but my friend buttonholed one of them and asked him who he thought killed Yellow Hand. The old soldier said there was no telling who killed him. He said he might have killed him himself for all anyone knows. He said that when the fight started they all tried to take a crack at Yellow Hand, and after the Indians fled, Cody scalped Yellow Hand, rode out and brought the scalp to the commanding officer and asked for the credit of killing him. The commanding officer didn't care who got the credit and said okay. It all sounds reasonable enough to me, and I think the old soldier's story deserves mentioning.—Joe Geiger, 1673 Hanover, Aurora, Colorado 80010



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